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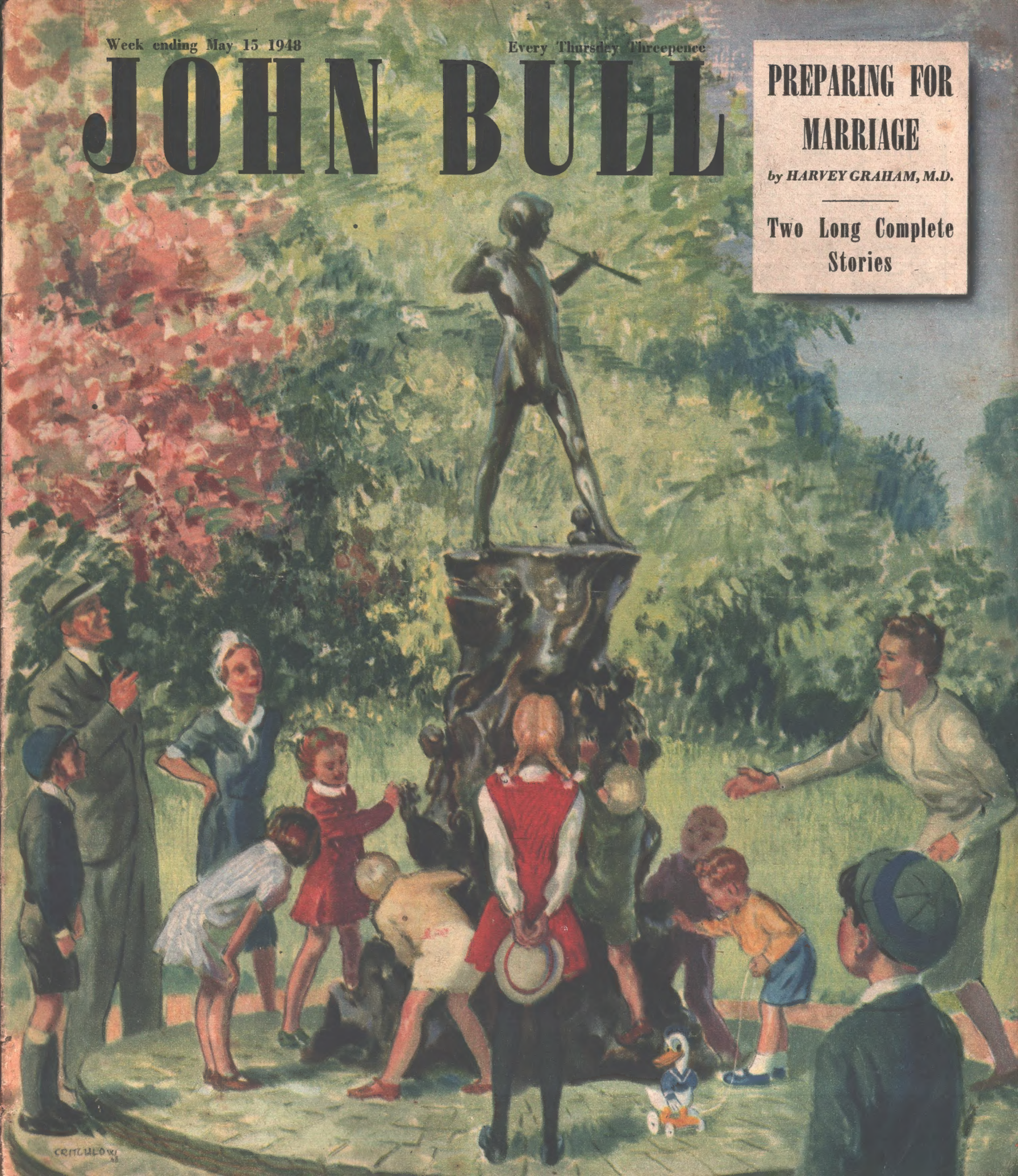

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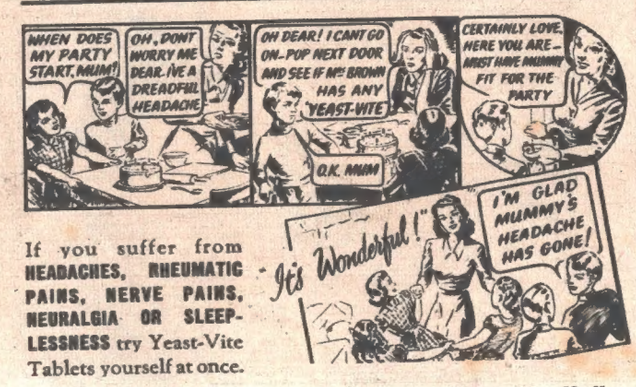
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JOHN BULL

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MAY 15, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2185

The Irish and Us

WHAT IS NOW BECOMING the annual holiday rush to Eire is on again. This weekend extra boat-train services begin, and only shortage of shipping restricts the number of passengers.

The absence of currency restrictions and the lure of unrationed steaks and clothes cause this boom in Irish touring.

Is the boom a good thing? The answer is: "Yes, so long as a statesmanlike use is made of it by the Governments concerned."

Increased friendship between private citizens of the two countries is fine; but there is still not nearly enough economic co-operation.

Ireland became impoverished and her agriculture was run down because of political quarrels with Britain and because, before the war, we didn't particularly need her produce.

Now we need it desperately. And there is no doubt that Ireland could produce a lot more food for sale to us if we offered her something in return—and offered it quickly and easily. In particular, she needs British manufactured goods and coal. The standard of living of the poorer Irish people is very low indeed. It could and should be raised.

So we hope that the new Irish Government under Mr. Costello will tap the money our tourists are pouring in and use it primarily to expand food production. And we hope that our own Government is not neglecting any chance of encouraging the Irish, if necessary by loans.

So far, the main effect of the British tourist invasion has been to raise prices throughout the Emerald Isle. That benefits nobody in the long run, and is simply another reason why the two countries must work together for the benefit of both.

Handling Your Food

YOU DON'T READ MUCH about it in the newspapers, but a strenuous argument over the handling of your home-grown food is going on behind the scenes.

The question is how to reorganize the distribution of farm produce so as to benefit the people who eat it.

When the Milk Marketing and other Boards were started, it was mainly to help the farmers, who before the war had a very bad time when the food they grew cost more than imported food.

But today farmers are sitting pretty. Recent legislation and Britain's inability to buy all the food she needs from abroad have given them safe markets, with prices guaranteed for years ahead.

Unfortunately the poor old consumer—which means *you*—is not yet protected from shortages and high prices affecting some essential types of home-grown food. Methods of providing this protection are now being debated.

A committee under Lord Lucas recently recommended setting up what it calls commodity commissions to reform marketing methods and keep a closer check on prices and supplies.

But the National Farmers' Union seems to dislike this kind of planning. It wants to keep marketing in the hands of the producers themselves.

The answer to that is: let them devise a better scheme than the one suggested in the Lucas report. For, we repeat, it is now the public which needs protecting, as much as the farmer.

Today's system or lack of system in marketing vegetables and fruit, for example, is bad and wasteful, and allows too many opportunities for profiteering between farm and kitchen.

Farmers are now getting the fairest deal in their history. They should be ready to help pass it on to the public.

Too Many Illiterates

WE'RE MAKING PROGRESS with the top end of education, but we seem to be losing ground at the bottom.

Most teachers and parents and all schoolchildren welcome the Ministry of Education's decision to abolish the school certificate and higher certificate examinations. These made an educational strait-jacket which has cramped the minds of millions of children for years.

The new system to be started in 1951, under which pupils can choose their own subjects for a real test of intelligence, should avoid waste of time and ease nervous strain.

We congratulate both George Tomlinson, Minister of Education, and Sir Philip Morris, whose secondary schools examination council put up the new plan.

On the debit side of the nation's educational account is the revelation that seventeen grown-ups out of every hundred are illiterate or at least partly so.

This is a shocking fact which will surprise British people who look patronizingly on many foreign countries as backward or even barbaric compared with our own. It comes from the report of a two-year-old inquiry sponsored by the Bishop of Liverpool.

We cannot dismiss the fact that three million Britons in 1948 can scarcely read or write by saying that it has happened because the war disrupted education. We've got to do something about it.

If a lot of our people are illiterate, we can neither run our civilized democracy well; nor can we compete successfully with other nations in industry and commerce.

A man unable to read or write is a dead loss to the community under modern conditions.

JOHN BULL has previously pressed for building and manpower priorities to be given to education. We repeat that demand urgently in the light of these facts.

Palestine's Only Hope

THIS IS THE FATEFUL weekend in Palestine. Saturday, May 15, ends the British mandate, and soon there will be nothing to keep Jews and Arabs from destroying each other except their own interests.

Every effort must be made to prove to these stubborn and fanatical partisans that they cannot gain, and must lose, by prolonging the struggle.

If they let themselves be made into pawns on the wider chessboard of international strategy, this, too, will be disastrous to them.

Palestine's only possible solution of its tragic dilemma is a compromise.

Each side must give up some of its claims for the sake of peace, sanity and future prosperity.

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John Bull Story Special

HOME, SWEET HOLLYWOOD

by **LYN ARNOLD**

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

An innocent in Hollywood writes skittishly to a friend of her experiences: patties at a party, tantrums on the set. Fiction but, maybe, no stranger than the truth!

DEAREST MARGARET,

Thank you so much for your letter and the invitation to come over for the weekend and tell you all about Hollywood.

There is nothing I should have liked better, but unfortunately I am very behindhand with my work, having promised the finished manuscript of my new novel *Lo, Sweet Stranger* by Tuesday week the sixteenth; also on Saturday there is the Church Organ Fund Social, and on Monday I have promised to speak to the G.F.S. on "Home Life in Hollywood," which is, to be truthful, rather a weight on my mind.

Indeed, I thought very seriously before agreeing to give this talk at all, for Hollywood is *not at all* what you would suppose. Not that I wish to suggest anything wrong—just that it is different from what you read in the magazines.

Yes, I agree it is ages since we've had a really good talk, in fact it is before I went to Hollywood or even thought of such a thing, but it all happened so suddenly that there was no time to discuss it with even my oldest friends. Yes, I imagine it was a surprise to you when you heard about it. It was a surprise to me. After all, *Let No Man* had been out for nearly two years and had not sold particularly well, though Miss Bates at the library told me it was her favourite, if not so popular as either *And Who Shall Say?* or *A Time Was When.*

To be truthful, I was in two minds whether to go at all, for as you guessed I had had no experience of writing for the screen; but I supposed these film people must know their business, and also I was of course tempted because of the copy. After all, I got the idea for *Little Lotus Flower* after that day trip to London for the Chinese Exhibition, and it was our week together in Dieppe that inspired *Guillotine Girl.* I was still hesitating when I heard that Derek Marchmont and Paula Wayne had been cast for Gwenda and Gaylord; and then, as you'll understand, I could not resist any more.

What hours of pure pleasure and delight you and I have had watching them—the screen's greatest lovers! Though that I think influenced me less than the knowledge (there had been a long article only that week in *Film Fanfare*) that they were lovers, too, off the screen. I mean, of course, married lovers.

Well, to cut a long story short (and Margaret dear you must not be offended because I did not write, there was so much to say and so little time to say it, even if I had had the words), as you know I went to Hollywood to work on the script of *Let No Man.*

Or so I thought. But that is anticipating, and I must try not to do that but to tell you everything as simply as I can from the beginning to catch the half-past six post.

I will skim over my journey and start from my first day in Hollywood. No sooner had I arrived at my apartment than a very nice young man whose name I think was Guggenheim, though I was never quite sure and did not like to keep on asking (he called me Wriggleswade when the name is

Wrigglesworth), came to inform me that a party was being given in my honour at Hillcrest that night.

You can imagine my feelings. Hillcrest—home of the screen's greatest lovers, that you and I had only seen in magazines. I unpacked my flowered ninon (the grey with the blue flowers that you helped me choose for Mary's girl's wedding in '38—do you remember?) and was ready nearly an hour before time.

Hillcrest is just like its pictures—a low white house in what I believe is the Spanish style though at first I was so excited that I was not so observant as I would have liked. The main room was crammed with people which upset me a little but then I thought, after all, if these people are here in my honour it is very kind and there is no need to be shy.

Then almost at once I began to sense an *atmosphere*. (You know how sensitive I am to these things.) Your little house is such a happy place, Margaret, and mine, while of course it could not be called artistic is, though perhaps I should not say so, a *real home*. Hillcrest's zebra rugs and stainless steel flowers I could not but admire. Yet while my bits and pieces may not be things of beauty each has associations which make them a joy forever, like the biscuit barrel presented to father by the Parish Council on the occasion of his retirement, and the bullrush firescreen with dragonflies mother worked.

There were no associations at Hillcrest. It was completely impersonal. It did not have any restful, lived-in air. And while I did not wish to jump to conclusions, you know, dear, how strong my intuitions are.

HOWEVER, I worked my way through the crowd and at last approached them: Derek Marchmont and Paula Wayne. He looked a little older than you would have thought but so charming, and she is quite beautiful and I am sure her hair is real. She held out her hand to me and said "It's too kind" and he looked deeply into my eyes and said "Enchanted" which, though I had always heard how warm-hearted Americans are, almost overwhelmed me at first. Then—I did not intend to eavesdrop, but could not help hearing her say "It's too kind" and him "Enchanted" to at least three other people. I felt the *least* little bit disconcerted. Still, I am sure that the intonation was quite different in my case.

Well, of course I did not know anyone there but I was not at all upset for there was so much to hear and so much to see. And after supper I had quite a conversation with such a handsome young man. I wish you could have been there. He had the smallest waist and the whitest hands and the longest eyelashes that you have ever seen.

I had had several patties (I think quail) and a long drink in a glass with mint in it, like cider, only more warming, when this young man came up quite close and said "Who are you?"

I told him.

He said "So what?"

Of course, I realize now that the young man was intoxicated but at the time such a thought had never entered my head.

So I said that he couldn't have caught the name, it was Wrigglesworth, and I had come here to work on the new picture for Derek Marchmont and Paula Wayne.

He replied (quite rudely) what did I think I was talking about? He was the scenarist. So I said I dared say—I wanted to temporize—and what I had written was of course the novel *Let No Man*. He said "Oh, that?" and then he went away.

I thought very little of it until a week later; but that is anticipating my story again.

Next day they gave me a room at Pan-American Pictures with a lovely view and a truly enormous desk, but I didn't know quite what to do, and so I did nothing, and this went on for exactly seven days. Then at last a package arrived and I opened it gladly. The instructions said, here was my story, and to go right ahead.

The story was called *The Big Brawl*, but I didn't pay any attention, because I had heard about changing titles before. But when I looked at it—Margaret, dear, can you believe this?—I saw at once that it *wasn't my story at all!*

I was frankly amazed. However, I started to read it, and have to admit that I was completely enthralled. It was a gangster story, set in Chicago, and it dealt with a war to the death between rival gangs. The head of one gang was a man and the head of the other a woman. They had been childhood sweethearts and loved each other deep down (love being akin to hate) but their thwarted passions had turned both anti-social. Which was fascinating psychology, as you can see.

Even so, I couldn't help feeling that gangsters were somewhat beyond me, and in any case my aim in leaving Sunnycot was to work on the script of *Let No Man*, because of my deep admiration for Derek Marchmont and Paula Wayne.

A very nice man, Mr. Krantz, was working in the room opposite me, so at last I plucked up my courage and went and knocked on his door. He was Austrian, quite young, and with the most charming manners—do you remember, dear, how delightful the Customs were when we went to Innsbruck in '35 or was it '36, in any case, quite different from those Germans?

I told Mr. Krantz my troubles, and he was most understanding. Dear lady (he said) do not derange yourself. *He* had arrived to work on his novel, set in Vienna, which, having lived there for years, he very well knew, and had finished up on a script called *Savannah Swindle*.

Well, I saw Mr. Krantz's point, though it did not seem very sensible. I went back to my room and tried to get down to work. However, I cannot say that I got on exactly swimmingly. So at last I decided to ask Mr. Marchmont and Miss Wayne.

I said to a doorman called Johnny, Did he think I could see them? Johnny said, Certainly, yes, if I wanted to, right away. They were on Set 25—and he and the doorman were buddies. It did just strike me that surely, as one who had written the novel, I could get in, as it were, on my own steam and by right. But the boy was so very nice and I don't like to undermine confidence, so thanked him and smiled and kept my thoughts to myself.

Johnny's friend, Hank, was most helpful. He would smuggle me in, but keep quiet, he said. I promised him, adding, more by way of conversation than anything else, that it was not every day, was it, that one had the privilege of seeing lovers in real life play lovers on the screen? I thought at the time that Johnny and Hank exchanged somewhat strange looks, but did not, of course, guess the reason.

And before I knew what had happened, Hank had ushered me in.

Well, right from the start, Margaret, you sensed an atmosphere: nothing to do with the set, camera or lights. In only a split second's time I realized that what they were saying could not have been in the script, and had nothing to do with the play. There they stood, Mr. Marchmont, Miss Wayne, under the glare of the arc lights—she in clinging white chiffon, he in impeccable evening dress. They stood facing each other. Their hands were clenched. They were trembling. Their eyes flashed fire as the two of them spat out their words.

I think I have never heard such truly dreadful abuse, Margaret, about ancestry, origins, and most intimate personal defects. And all (as I afterwards learned) in the idiom of the Bowery. I noted down some of the words so that Johnny could tell me their meaning, though even I could not fail to gather their general sense.

The cameraman held his head and the script girl, I saw, was crying. The director got to his feet and said, "Try that embrace again."

Derek dragged Paula into his arms—I'm afraid, most brutally, Margaret. Paula gave a sort of a yelp and kicked him upon the shins.

The script girl then gave a great sob and the director—this is the truth, Margaret—the director knelt down by his chair and actually started to pray.

Well, dear, you can imagine the terrible shock that this was to me. I took a deep breath, I turned, and then I stumbled away. Hank gave me one look and said, "The screen's greatest lovers?" He then made a sound that I had never heard, and which I am quite unable to reproduce phonetically.

I was very upset. Most upset. I could not concentrate on *The Big Brawl*—how could I? I felt simply impelled to see Derek and Paula again. So the next day I went there once more—drawn to the scene of the crime as it were. I was not in any doubt that I had witnessed a crime.

THEY were so perfectly matched—he so dark, she so fair, Margaret. They were ideal lovers. And all that they ever did was to abuse each other for wrongs, real or imagined; to drag up each other's pasts; and frequently, I am afraid—I should not be saying this had I not actually seen it—not only to inflict on each other physical violence, but when such an outrage had happened, to *jeer* at each other's pain.

For instance: I expect you remember Gaylord's house in *Let No Man*—that his family had built and lived in for hundreds and hundreds of years? There are, of course, other scenes—the gambling rooms at Monte, the lodging house in Port Said, and that moonlit Hawaiian beach. But most of the scenes take place in the hall of Gaylord's homestead, and so the bulk of the quarrels naturally happened there.

The set was most charming, dear, though quite unlike what I'd imagined, done in white, with a lot of glass, and a monster flight of stairs. There was a pretty rug in front of a leaping log fire, a large white grand piano, a lot of deep armchairs, and a curious satin couch, quilted, and made in two pieces—and one day, when Paula Wayne, in one of her rages, flung herself down on this, it was most unfortunate, but the two pieces shot apart.

Derek laughed. He actually laughed. I, too, could hardly believe it. Paula got to her feet and screamed that he'd had the thing sawn in half. He said, when he'd got his breath, that he would have done, if he'd thought of it. And added, he only wished that he happened to be a conjurer, for in that happy event he'd have had *her* sawn in half.

And this, I assure you, dear, was no isolated incident. I have always guarded against being what father called fanciful, but I felt this to be a *desecration* of Gaylord's home.

Paula would rage on the rug. He would strike an attitude at the grand piano. She would advance, in wrath, and slam the lid down on his hands. Day after day I watched in horror, and yet in

Continued on page 18

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Store It Up

RE-READING Viscount Wavell's anthology, *Other Men's Flowers*, the other day, I was struck by this sentence in his foreword: "It amused me lately to set down in a notebook the poems I can repeat entire or in great part."

What an amazing storehouse the mind can be and how few of us make any real use of it!

Neglect to fill wisely the limitless storage capacity of our minds accounts directly for so many empty lives and dreary outlooks. We can no more have a satisfied life with an empty mind than we can ensure a full stomach with an empty larder.

We can treat our mind as a treasure house or a rubbish dump. We can store beauty or we can hoard bitterness. We can live with angels or devils. The choice is entirely ours.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"I say!"

People who are going to share each other's lives should surely know about each other's health

Anti-T.B. test in factory—yet how many people undergo premarriage "medical"?

PREPARING FOR MARRIAGE

by Harvey Graham, M.D.

I HEARD THE OTHER DAY of a tragedy which has broken a marriage. Unfortunately this is not an isolated case and it raises a big problem.

There was a baby boy who had a party to mark his second birthday. Next day he was sick. He had eaten rather a lot and so nobody bothered very much. But when he became worse the mother called in a doctor, a friend of mine. He had never seen the family before but the mother told him that the child had always been healthy apart from teething troubles.

It was not possible to make a diagnosis. This often happens with young children. So my friend looked in again late that night. By then it seemed that the boy was better. He remained listless and out of sorts for a few days and then was apparently normal.

There was the same sort of vague attack a week later. Hospital was suggested and the parents agreed. At length there slowly appeared all the signs and symptoms of tuberculous meningitis.

Not long ago tuberculous meningitis was universally fatal. This child was treated with streptomycin and its life was prolonged for five months. Streptomycin has saved many such cases but not all of them.

Parents Are Always Suspect

The feelings of this young husband and wife during a five-months struggle which failed may be imagined. They lost more than their son. In every case of tuberculosis a search is made for the source of infection. Parents are always suspect when an only child is affected.

The father had been treated in a sanatorium for tuberculosis of the lungs. He thought he was cured and he never told his wife about it—because a sister of hers had died from tuberculosis and she had a horror of the disease.

His wife has left him now. He killed their son, she says, and she never can forgive him. The husband is miserably going on with his work and occasionally attending a tuberculosis clinic. He blames himself bitterly. But he argues that he had almost forgotten about the sanatorium. He had been well since then, well enough to serve in the Army. If he had told his wife, she would never have married him.

In several countries this particular tragedy could never have happened. Turkey, for example, makes premarital medical examinations compulsory. Under Turkish law both parties to the marriage know the results of this examination and in a case of advanced or transmissible tuberculosis the marriage can be compulsorily postponed for as long as a year, when further examinations are necessary.

It is still possible for a couple to marry when one or both of them have tuberculosis, but at least they know the risks to themselves and to any children they may have.

Mental Illness, Too

These Turkish laws aim at reducing the number of cases of tuberculosis and they apply also to venereal disease and to certain mental conditions which may be inherited.

The same general conditions govern similar laws in other parts of the world.

A few American states will not allow people to marry till they can produce a certificate stating they are not suffering from tuberculosis in the infective stage. Twenty-six states will not grant a marriage licence till both applicants produce certificates stating that tests for syphilis have proved negative. These tests must have been done not more than forty days before the proposed marriage date.

No one can be married in France without first undergoing a blood test and a medical examination. This must include a chest X-ray, which will show any signs of pulmonary tuberculosis. In Sweden anyone with venereal disease is forbidden to marry until the condition has been cured. The same Swedish law prescribes periods in prison for those found guilty of spreading V.D. Danish law prohibits marriages which involve an appreciable risk of transmitting to the offspring epilepsy or certain serious mental affections.

In some of these countries the results of the various examinations are stated on the certificate and made known to the two people concerned. This is not the case in France. The *certificat prénuptial* merely states that the examination has been made. The parties to the marriage remain free to inform each other or to conceal what the results were.

Great Britain has no laws remotely corresponding to the Turkish and Scandinavian sanctions. Any couples who are over age, not closely related, and can produce 7s. 6d. can be married.

Is there a case for compulsory medical examination before marriage in this country? I think not. Compulsory medical examination or compulsory medical activity of any kind is usually a thoroughly bad thing. The results of a compulsory medical examination are as often as not worthless. Chest X-rays or blood tests occasionally give unequivocal results. Much more often they provide information which must be assessed in the light of the patient's history.

They're Unlikely to Tell

A willing and co-operative patient can be given with confidence a clean bill of health or a diagnosis. This is never the case with anyone compelled to seek a medical certificate. A man who is made to undergo a distasteful examination is not likely to tell the doctor that he did risk contracting V.D. six months ago. A young woman who wants to get married and is compulsorily examined is unlikely to tell the doctor that her mother died of tuberculosis or that her brother has epilepsy.

There is in my view no good legal, moral or social case for compulsory premarital examinations. Even if there were, the medical difficulties are enormous. Think of the arrangements that would have to be made to examine every year more than 400,000 men and as many women—most of them unwilling and unco-operative.

On the other hand there is everything to be said for premarital examination and guidance on a voluntary basis. Every couple contemplating marriage should be able to obtain freely, easily and in complete confidence a medical overhaul and any advice they may need.

The emotional and spiritual side of preparation for marriage will always remain paramount. But the physical side of marriage is important, too.

People who are going to share each other's lives should know about each other's health. Young people in love will always take risks, but they ought to know what the risks are.

There would be a national gain in the resulting diminished number of cases of marital infection with tuberculosis—to look at only one aspect of the problem.

And there would be great individual gains in peace of mind. Many people are vaguely uneasy about the inheritance of epilepsy, mental defects, certain forms of deafness, and other conditions. This disease of the mind may be dismissed—with tragic results. Or it may be exaggerated out of all reason and be the cause of much unnecessary unhappiness. I remember one couple who denied themselves the children they both wanted because they feared the inheritance of a type of deafness which never is inherited.

Quite often, imagined fears can be confidently dismissed or real fears can be firmly placed in a proper perspective by a doctor who knows something about both families and who has the opportunity of examining the young couple and talking to them singly and together.

Would Make for Happiness

Minor sexual problems and fears could be brought into the open at such an interview. A word of advice at this stage may often make all the difference to the prospects of married happiness and fulfilment.

Compulsory premarital examination? *No.*

Voluntary premarital examination? *Yes.* And if, as a recent report by Political and Economic Planning suggests, this could be part of a widely based family welfare service starting before marriage and covering everything from family planning and marriage guidance to baby's first tooth, then so much the better.

IN THE SWIM FOR THE OLYMPICS

by Dennis Holman

For years British swimmers have been eclipsed by better-trained, better-managed foreigners. Now proper handling and schoolchildren's pennies are helping to alter all that

Coach Harry Koskie at Loughborough pool-side with Margaret Wellington (in water) and Elizabeth Church

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp

THE LAST TIME BRITAIN WON a swimming event in the Olympic Games was in 1924, when Lucy Morton brought home the Two Hundred Metres Breaststroke title. A long time ago? Maybe, but to find a similarly distinguished British male you'd have to go back forty years.

As for the Olympiad of 1936, the swimming crumbs we picked up were a fourth place and a sixth place. And we thought we had done well, considering. . . .

Not that it was ever suggested, for a moment, that the cream of our swimmers were physically inferior to the Japanese, Americans, Swedes, Hungarians, Dutch, Belgians or Germans who had beaten them. We accepted eclipse and were complacent about it; everywhere one heard the excuse: "Of course, we're a nation of amateurs, not specialists."

But the swimmers themselves thought differently. They had gone all out to win, and they had been trounced. They didn't make excuses, yet any bathside amateur coach between Glasgow, Newport and Brighton could have told you what was wrong.

Swimmers have to be caught very young and developed by intensive and scientific coaching for years before they can ever hope to touch Olympic standards. We have the kids, but we haven't the coaches to take them in hand, correct their faults, and keep them at it, day after day, month after month, year after year.

No Official Help

If a few boys and girls have emerged on the rim of the world class, and have been selected for a crack at an international event, then apart from expenses paid they have received no help from the nation they went out to represent. Our champions have never been trained as a team, never been made to feel like a team; in 1934, a number only met for the first time at Waterloo Station before leaving for the European Games.

If this is sufficient to make a British enthusiast indignant, a logical question is: "Then what's being done about it?" The Amateur Swimming Association's answer is Harry Koskie, sales director of a firm called Blythe Colour Works, Ltd., Stoke-on-Trent. Harry Koskie has been charged with the responsibility of producing, during his spare time, a swimming team at Wembley this July, capable of putting up a reasonable show against fifty-six other competing nations. Koskie says he is going to do it.

The Hanley Swimming Club boasted the fastest swimmers in Staffordshire; it had won all but one of the sought-after Squadron Championships between 1907 and 1939. Harry Koskie played in its water polo team for the twenty years between wars. During that time he coached practically all the club's youngsters—among them the bath attendant's son, Norman Wainwright, who grew up to become one of the greatest free-style swimmers England has ever had. Nobody was surprised two years ago when the swimming associations of England, Scotland and Wales asked Koskie to be chief coach for the Olympic Games.

Koskie (Uncle Harry to his brood of swimming stars) has a gift for summing up quickly the potential of a swimmer; he hand-picked the men and girls who went to Monte Carlo for the European Championships last September. He has travelled the length of Britain at week-ends to study talent in action. The quest has taken him 16,000 miles.

With Koskie our swimming chances brighten immediately. His is the first British team to carry complete sunray equipment; and, in attendance, are the services of trained physio-therapists, Max Madders, himself a one-time breaststroke international, and his wife.

Max is thirty-seven. He studied physical education in Denmark under Neils Bukh, one of the greatest of gymnastic teachers, and is P.T. instructor at Birmingham University. His wife, also fully trained, accompanies the team to take care of the girls.

A colleague of Madders's at Birmingham University is the medical officer, Dr. R. H. Bolton. Bolton has studied young athletes under all conditions, and is honorary medical officer to the team. What he has observed so far puzzles him.

"The mystery I have yet to solve," he says, "is: What makes a great swimmer? We have record breakers at fourteen, weighing seven stone. Take Elinor Gordon, a little slip of a girl. And some of our best boys can hardly be described as outstanding physical specimens. But then some *are*. As far as I can see, the only thing that really makes a swimmer is easy access to facilities; out of thirty-seven potentials, from whom the Olympic team will be selected, three are the offspring of bath attendants!"

Before Monte Carlo last year, Koskie put our team through a tough course at Loughborough College. He repeated it for the Olympic potentials this Easter, when he assembled some twenty-one internationals and much of the talent he had gleaned from his travels. And once more, just before the Games begin, he intends to get them together.

College for Swimmers

Loughborough College, in the very centre of England, was chosen for its facilities. The object of the courses is to have British swimmers meet each other, swim against each other, exchange ideas and have their faults corrected.

Their own coaches also attend, to keep abreast of the training technique introduced by Koskie; they lumber through the relaxation exercises when Madders takes the class, clock their charges in practice swims, watch from under-water observation windows while Koskie criticizes their charges' strokes.

Naturally one asks: Who is paying for all this? Nothing has come from the Government with its Budget surplus in 1948 of £635,000,000. But the swimmers have funds, and how that came about is linked with the story of Captain B. W. Cummins.

They call Captain Cummins the Father of British Swimming. A little old man now, but with bright eyes, a soft voice, and quite a spring in his step, he was never a great swimmer. He was an Enthusiast.

Captain Cummins was a civil servant for forty-nine years; for thirty-six of those, the chief clerk of the Public Health Department at Croydon. He was wounded in Belgium in the first World War. But

swimming has been his life's hobby. He founded the *Swimming Times* twenty-five years ago, and is still honorary editor. Practically the only periodical of its kind, the magazine has 6,500 subscribers; they are in almost every country of the world. It is the official organ of the A.S.A., a monument to Cummins's spare time, and a complete record of swimming and swimmers over a quarter of a century.

When his term of office as president of the A.S.A. came to an end he was still reluctant to sever contact, and remained on as publicity secretary. He was elected to the Olympic Games Technical Committee, and chosen as arena manager for swimming. And he was chosen as National Appeal Organizer for the Olympic Fund.

"Only two years ago," he said, "we had no money at all to train and enter an Olympic team. And Koskie's plan required a substantial sum. So we set the districts a target, and I sent the hat around to swimming clubs all over the country, for pennies from schoolchildren."

But the clubs gave generously. From Weston-super-Mare alone came £350—a sum they had picked up from galas, dances, flag days; in the way clubs all over Britain have been raising the wind. The fund has now topped £8,000.

Special Diet is a Problem

Special diet presents Koskie with a special problem. No exercise burns up calories like tough water workouts, and our rations don't come anywhere near the minimum required. To build up a world beater means more meat, fats, starch, sugar. Food parcels from clubs in the Dominions have arrived, and they help.

Criticism of British top swimmers is that their strokes fall short of technical perfection. There isn't a faultless free-style swimmer in Britain, as there are faultless, stroke-perfect American and Dutch swimmers. We can blame our system which does not make it worth while for coaches to specialize.

So the development of young material is left to amateur enthusiasts like Ray Brookhouse, a Birmingham toolmaker, who spends every evening at the public baths, where members of the Sparkhill Swimming Club pray for bad weather to keep out the paddling public.

Ray Brookhouse is the club coach; and his particular protégé is little eight-year-old Hilary Tiso.

"We have some fine kids on the up grade," Koskie told me, "but it's upon men like Ray Brookhouse that their swimming future depends."

These Are Our White Hopes

For this Olympiad, our hopes are a few outstanding performers of last year: Roy Romain, London University law student, for the Two Hundred Metres Breaststroke; Jack Hale, Four Hundred Metres Freestyle. They are certain to be selected.

Then there's quite a lot to be said for Elinor Gordon, the fifteen-year-old Hamilton schoolgirl, who lowered the British Two Hundred Yards Breaststroke record to 73.6 seconds, and Margaret Wellington, aged twenty, for her great heart and her performances over four hundred metres last year.

Elizabeth Church, English Breaststroke Champion, is a good bet, and, of course, there's Cathie Gibson, the greatest free-style and backstroke British girl of all time, and reckoned last year's third in the world. But Cathie has only just reached adolescence, and it is not quite known how her swimming may be affected.

"Whatever happens," Koskie predicted, "we are not going to be last among those fifty-six competing nations.

"And," he added determinedly, "you can tell the British public that this time our boys and girls are getting a fighting chance!"

A group of people got together in a suburban home one evening and decided to start a club which would present good music. That club is one of many to which the Arts Council of Great Britain acts as godfather

Greenwood (at piano), Satchell, Mrs. Milholland. Pianos are their problem

Let's Have Some Music

ONE BLACK OCTOBER NIGHT in 1945, when the panorama of Wimbledon from the Hill merged into the sky, and a lighted bus was streaking down the road below like a shooting star, a lean figure in a dark overcoat trudged home through the soft rain.

It was Hubert Greenwood, a schoolmaster. In his mind were vague plans for a music club that he was going to put before a group of friends he had rounded up that evening for a talk.

Many Wimbledon people knew Hubert Greenwood, a Yorkshireman in his middle thirties, with black hair greying at the temples, who looked like an aesthetic edition of Robert Donat and had taught history to the children at King's College School for nearly ten years.

Of a fairly full life, the moments Greenwood enjoyed most were those he gave to music. He was a fine pianist; he ran school concerts; and, when he wanted to relax, there was nothing he loved better than for Leslie Butterfield to come over on his bicycle for an evening of playing duets on the piano in the front parlour of the Greenwoods' home in Lauriston Road. Butterfield, a Government research engineer, was at Greenwood's place that evening when the schoolmaster came home late out of the wet cold, scraped his shoes on the doormat, removed his overcoat and greeted his circle of friends.

Ralph Satchell was among them; an earnest young man who worked as a chemist in the Patent Office and lived in Raynes Park. His wife played the piano occasionally. Satchell didn't. He preferred to listen, and bought records for no better reason than that he liked a certain piece and not another; very much in the manner that S. B. MacLeod approached his music.

MacLeod was a Wimbledon resident of fifteen years' standing. He worked in the Inland Revenue and liked chamber music. Ready to defend this choice was G. Harold Smith, of Copse Hill, an amateur pianist and past associate of Greenwood in Wimbledon music circles.

Greenwood outlined Wimbledon's musical associations to the assembled company. The late Sir Percy Bull, a wealthy music lover, had started Nine O'Clock Concerts in the Great Hall of King's College School more than forty years before. A bomb outside the Great Hall had ended their long run.

Best Their Money Could Buy

Since the bomb, Greenwood said, Wimbledon had been bankrupt of music. If they seriously wanted music, what was to prevent their clubbing together to import the stuff they liked, played by the best artists their money could buy?

That evening the Hill Music Club came into existence. Before the party broke up they had each agreed to canvass for a quota of club members. Soon the number exceeded 240. A general meeting agreed to a subscription of 25s. a year for six concerts during the winter season. They have managed to keep going since, in spite of the loss of about thirty members; and in the face of competition from the neighbouring London boroughs of Merton and Putney, the Mayor of Wimbledon's shilling concerts, and other activities.

The Hill Music Club functions smoothly. Occasionally Greenwood plays the piano accompaniment for a singer, but the policy is to employ professionals, on whom practically all the club funds are spent. Greenwood, the secretary, has a free hand organizing the concerts, engaging musicians and singers. Members are mostly middle-brows, content to be guided by the committee's selection of mazurkas and sonatas, and really a model audience in the tense half-light of Christ Church Hall, whether it's Mozart or Ravel.

At their last meeting, held at Mrs. Philip Milholland's home (where there are two grand pianos for a musical gallop by Messrs. Greenwood and Butterfield), committee members decided that, before booking artists for next season, there should be an all-out effort to net a catch of fresh members to make up for certain lukewarm cases who would, it was expected, forget to renew their subscriptions.

If the drive fails, then Harold Smith, treasurer, will indicate that help will have to come from somewhere; an eventuality that the Hill Music Club is trying desperately to avoid.

But it is reassuring to know that it will not have to close, either for loss of membership or lack of funds. The Hill Music Club and all the others like it are the particular concern of Steuart Wilson, Music Director of the Arts Council of Great Britain, who watches over them, fosters them, advises and backs them with money if they run on the rocks.

Wilson, a giant baritone of fifty-nine, has been a professional singer for thirty-six years. The 250 music clubs of Britain are his babies: some sturdy, like the Hill Music Club, others a little shaky, like Northamptonshire's Long Eaton and District Music Club, which planned six concerts for 1947-48 and estimated a deficit of £37 10s. Wilson guaranteed the amount and Long Eaton had its concerts.

Last year the Ealing Music Club in West London estimated a modest deficit of £18 1s. Steuart Wilson smiled and told the secretary to go ahead. Box office takings so far exceeded expectations that the club passed up the guarantee.

What Council's Support Meant

For clubs that applied to the Arts Council for assistance last year and submitted a total estimated deficit of £8,989, the amount guaranteed was £7,210, of which £5,399 19s. 10d. was paid out. This support represented £29,613 17s. 3d. in artists' fees alone.

Where no club or society exists, and Steuart Wilson feels that something should be done, he will organize a concert and send it on tour to music-starved areas. As a result of these pioneer concerts a club may be started.

At present music clubs are handicapped by lack of halls—and shortage of pianos. In Wimbledon, the Hill Music Club has an excellent hall, but whenever a pianist is engaged a grand piano has to be hired for twelve guineas!

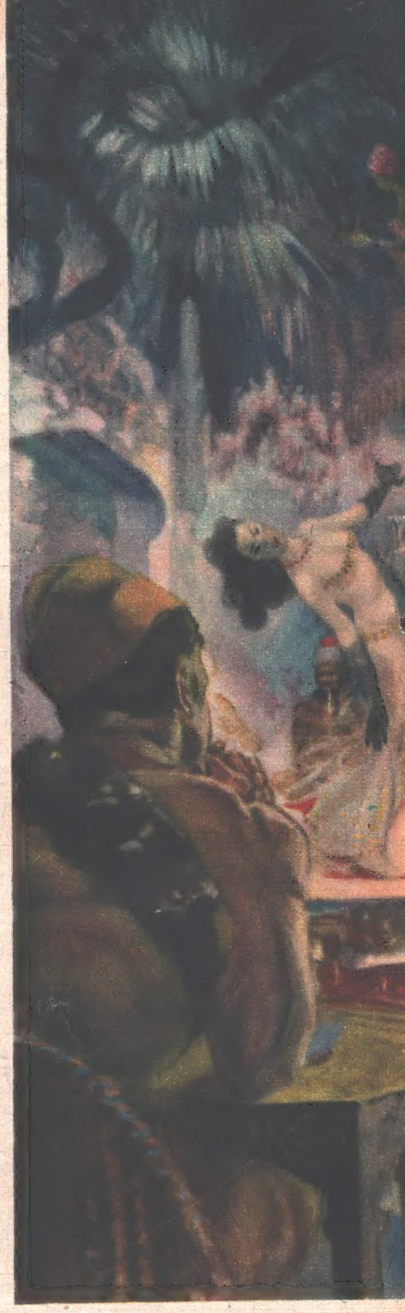
For the 1947 winter season Greenwood had to hire five pianos—sixty guineas down the drain. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," he reflects, "if pianists brought their instruments with them, like the other musicians do, on the 200 bus, and took them away when the concert was over!"

NEXT WEEK'S JOHN BULL: ARTICLES ON MASS MIGRATION, FILM CENSORSHIP, POISON GOSSIP

The Devil is a Gentleman

by Charles B. Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE



This story introduces Inspector Chafik to John Bull readers. When crime cuts through the heat haze, Chafik, the Oriental detective, tracks down the criminal with Oriental decorum

THE LITTLE MAN who entered the Cabaret of the Great Caliph, behind the fashionable Saa'dun Quarter of the modern city of Baghdad, stood for a moment in the shadows, as if he were shy of this walled garden where patrons sat in booths discreetly screened by flowering shrubs.

He looked at the stage where an orchestra of various wind instruments, strings and drums was playing varying rhythms, while a slender girl sang a single note and then surrounded it with an arabesque of grace notes. It was music without harmony, but the man had not a Western ear and found it pleasing. As the girl began to dance, he walked down a path between the high wall and the shrubs and entered a booth so unobtrusively that the solitary occupant did not notice him.

Inspector Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department carefully dusted a chair and said as he sat down, "If the thoughts of men were public, one would be justified in raiding this place. And even you, my dear Abdullah, would see the inside of a cell."

The tall, gaunt man hastily looked away from the stage, but seeing the smile lurking in the dun-coloured eyes of his companion, he raised a hand in protest. "Sir, my concentration was purely of a professional nature——" Sergeant Abdullah began, and wriggled in his seat when the inspector interrupted:

"The purity of it is what I doubted. The girl is indeed gifted." They both looked at the stage where the dancer turned full circle with swiftly moving feet and made her body a reed rippling in a hot wind of passion.

Watching her, Chafik wondered how many men had been clay in the flowerlike hands of Khurrem. His records at headquarters described her as a Syrian, but many details of her life were lacking and this was irritating to the tidy mind of the little man. He said, voicing his worry, "She has danced in Cairo, Beirut and Teheran. Her lovers are always military men or government officials and she ignores others although they are often wealthier. An odd thread in the pattern, for surely a woman of this profession is solely interested in money?" He shrugged and then said, "But on the record one could not refuse her entry in Iraq. A suspicion is not a fact, and you, Abdullah, will now report to me only with facts."

The sergeant answered as if reading from his notes, "On your orders I have watched this woman for a week. Her favour goes to Major Ali Rasim of the 2nd Mountain Brigade. He is infatuated and sits nightly in the booth at the top right corner of the garden, where she often joins him."

Inspector Chafik turned his sleek head, the black hair oiled and brushed until it had the sheen of silk. The lights in the garden were dim, but he could see a man in the booth. Major Rasim was the younger son of an aristocratic Baghdadi family and the brigade with which he served was organized for frontier defence. Chafik lighted a cigarette and said, "This is a matter for military intelligence. We, as the political and criminal police, are solely interested in civilians."

"Among the civilians, sir, Mohammed Shaalan is captivated by the girl——"

"Shaalan, Mohammed. Eldest son of Ibn Shaalan, a sheik of the Muntafiq." The inspector was quoting from his records and as he partly closed his eyes he could see the card on which the particulars were entered. "Rich," he went on. "Spends more time in Baghdad than on his father's estate. Weakness, women. Arrogant. Hot-tempered. Is the man here?"

"In the booth opposite." Sergeant Abdullah looked across the cool garden and then said, "He has gone now, but he was there when you arrived. The girl ignores him."

"Other men?"

"They are as bees around the queen," Sergeant Abdullah said.

"A queen bee," Chafik said, "has an unattractive appearance and is often swollen with eggs. One cannot say Khurrem is unattractive. Or swollen," he added, watching the girl who had finished her dance and was now bowing to the applause. He drew back into the shadows as the dancer left the stage and walked lightly to the booth where Major Rasim was sitting.

"The names of the other men——" began Sergeant Abdullah.

A WOMAN'S scream ripped the perfumed peace of the night and was followed by a moment of silence, broken only by the croaking of frogs in the irrigation ditches squaring the lawn. A second scream ran in mocking echoes within the high walls, and as panic gripped the crowd Inspector Chafik said calmly, "Tell the police at the doors to let nobody out. It appears there is entertainment for us at the Great Caliph tonight." He vaulted the shrubs and ran for the booth Khurrem had entered; after one brief glance he turned to the men who crowded at his heels. "Return to your seats," he said. "The police are already here." His voice, not overloud, had the quality of a whip.

Entering the booth, he looked at the girl who crouched against the shrubs with gloved hands to her face; her eyes were black pits. She was about to scream again when the little man caught her wrist and slapped her cheek. "It would be wise to forget hysterics," he said. "I shall have many questions to ask."

Khurrem whispered, "See, see! Oh, God the merciful! The major——"

Chafik interrupted, "Bodies have no rank or title. They are all equal before God," and going to the table he looked at the man in military uniform who was huddled low in a chair, his chin on his breast, his mouth open.

From the base of the neck at the right shoulder projected the wooden handle of a knife. A small patch of blood stained Major Rasim's light summer tunic. The inspector ignored the knife and put his hand on the man's heart. Casually, voicing thoughts, he said, "It was to be expected he would be dead, with the knife in such a spot."

LIFTING his strange, ageless eyes to the girl, who was now quiet, he continued, "Such a thrust could be made with the arm of the killer lovingly around his neck. It could also be made by one standing behind on the path between the bushes and the wall. Was your arm around his neck?"

"I? You suggest——" Khurrem straightened her slender body and said in the husky voice of anger, "My arm was not around his neck. I entered the booth and thought he was sleeping. He drinks too much and you can see the whisky on the table. I spoke to him and then I put my hand on him." She covered her face with her hands.

"And then you saw the knife," Chafik prompted gently.

"Yes, I saw *that*. And only half an hour before we sat and talked."

"So he was killed when you were on the stage and all eyes were on you. Even I was watching you. But what did you see from the stage? Surely you sang for your lover?"

"The booth is in shadow. One cannot see into it from the stage. And who says he was my lover?" There was a challenge in the question, and throwing back her cloud of hair Khurrem looked at the inspector with hatred tempered by fear.

He answered softly, "I know many things about you and will know more. Come to me tomorrow and bring your passport. The name is Chafik J. Chafik." He turned to Sergeant Abdullah who had just arrived with a squad of police summoned from a nearby station. The sergeant was ordering back a man who had roughly pushed his way through the crowd, but the inspector said, "Permit Mr. Hassoon to pass. He has a right here." He had recognized the owner of the cabaret.

"What is this? What is this?" demanded Hassoon, hugging his hands to his breast and contorting his thin body into a gigantic question mark. "I have always had a respectable cabaret," he said. "You, Inspector Chafik, know I give good entertainment without vice. Now a woman screams and the police gather like flies on a festering wound——"

"There has not been time for the wound to fester," Chafik said mildly, and moving aside from the body he asked, "You know him, Mr. Hassoon?"

"Major Rasim!" The shrill voice sank to a whisper as the proprietor peered at the body and projecting knife. "Murder? Oh, compassionate God, what wickedness has this woman caused?" He turned so quickly on Khurrem that Chafik thought he was going to strike her and caught his arm.

"Why do you think the woman is the motive for the crime?" he asked sharply.

Hassoon was calmer now but his voice was edged with anger as he said, "A woman who sings and dances is as honey to men. And when she gives her favours to one the evil begins. Perhaps I am in the wrong business," he said looking with distaste from the dancer to the body. He took a handful of salted melon seeds from his pocket and politely offered them to Chafik, who bowed his thanks but preferred his cigarette. "As I have told

"If the thoughts of men were public, one would be justified in raiding this place," said Inspector Chafik, taking a seat unobtrusively

you, I make every effort to keep the atmosphere of my cabaret clean," Hassoon went on, "but I have often looked on the faces of my guests and found them lustful." He took the husk of a melon seed from his mouth and placed it tidily in an ashtray.

Chafik said dryly, "We appear to share the same opinion. As you are so observant, my dear Mr. Hassoon, can you tell me who was particularly jealous of Major Rasim?"

"There were many, but I have noted one man who looked at him with hatred—but I must be loyal to my guests even if I dislike their ways."

"Major Rasim was also your guest. You must not withhold information."

"True. The name I was about to mention was Mohammed Shaalan."

CHAFIK gave Abdullah a warning look because the sergeant had said, "By God and by God!"

Then the inspector said quietly, "Let us go to your office, Mr. Hassoon. Abdullah, look for the son of Ibn Shaalan and if he is still in the cabaret bring him to me." He gave the corpse a brief glance. "Obviously the killer took the precaution to wear gloves, but of course test the knife for fingerprints. Detectives are more fortunate in fiction," Inspector Chafik added sadly. . . .

In the office behind the stage, where there were also dressing-rooms for the entertainers, the little man sat and waited. He lighted the inevitable cigarette while Hassoon munched melon seeds. Presently the sergeant ushered into the room a sharp-nosed, swarthy man who was dressed in the fine cotton and silk robes of a tribal Arab. The grey headcloth which shaded his face was bound with a cord of braided goat's hair making a double ring about his head, and as his robes swirled Chafik noticed the holster of a gun.

Mohammed Shaalan was a young man of handsome appearance, but he was burning with an inner anger and burst out, "Why have I been brought here? My father——"

The inspector said soothingly, "I have a great respect for the sheik, your father. Please seat yourself. A cigarette?"

"I do not smoke."

"That is wise. I myself smoke too much." He stubbed out the butt smouldering between yellow fingers, spilling husks from the tray on the desk and sweeping them tidily into a wastepaper basket. "You will excuse me asking questions," he said, "but I am obliged to check on everybody who knew Major Rasim——"

"I did not know him! I never wished to know him!" Shaalan clenched his slender hands, and the stone of his signet ring was a red eye gleaming balefully in the electric light.

"Mr. Shaalan, do you know Khurrem the dancer?"

The young man answered, "The question is indecently personal. I have tried to know her, but she turns her face from me and even sends back my gifts. A cabaret woman should divide her favours," he added vindictively.

"Where were you when Rasim was killed?"

"At my table." Mohammed Shaalan saw the dun-coloured eyes of Inspector Chafik become suddenly brilliant, and moistening his lips said, "I cannot be sure. I do not know when he was killed. I left the booth when the girl danced and went to her dressing-room."

"Why?"

"Because no woman has ever refused me! Because——" He sprang to his feet with the silk of his undergown rustling and shouted, "I refuse to be questioned by you! My father is powerful, and we of the Muntafiq are true Arabs who do not bow our heads to Baghdadis!"

Chafik did not stop him as he went out of the door, but said as it slammed, "We are all Iraqs." The little man shrugged and voicing a thought, murmured, "A very difficult young man. He must be watched." Hearing his own voice he smiled, saying, "I have an unfortunate habit of speaking my thoughts, and you will forget what you heard, Mr. Hassoon. But you wish to speak?"

The proprietor of the Great Caliph was nervously walking the room hugging his clasped hands. "It is so awkward," he said. "So very awkward. But I realize I cannot withhold information."

"You are an excellent citizen, Mr. Hassoon. What is this information?"

"Mohammed Shaalan was not in Khurrem's room. I myself was there, Inspector. I was waiting to warn her that unless she withdrew her favours from Major Rasim, and conducted herself virtuously, I would break the contract and send her back to Damascus. As you so kindly said, I try to be a good citizen. I do not run a house of ill fame," he said between tight lips. "Vice shocks me. . . ."

WHEN Inspector Chafik was leaving the cabaret after checking the identities of the patrons, he stopped at the door of Khurrem's dressing-room. The girl had been escorted to her hotel, and Chafik entered the room with Abdullah and made a methodical search. The heavy perfume of jasmine made him press his handkerchief to his nose. "Perfume is dangerous," he said to the watchful sergeant. "The fact is well known to Western manufacturers, judging by the advertisements in their magazines."

"So long as there are women there will be perfume, sir."

"As a flower attracts the bees," said Chafik. He picked up the ashtray from the dressing-table. "What do you see here, Abdullah?"

"Sir, I see a glass tray three inches square containing the stubs of five cigarettes. They are stained with lipstick and were therefore smoked by the girl." He gave a smile of triumph as he added, "I did not expect to see anything else. Mohammed Shaalan does not smoke."

The inspector said, "That is true. I offered him a cigarette. Besides, we were told he was not here. What else do you see, Abdullah?"

"I see nothing, sir——"

"I also see nothing. You will note that carefully." And he left the room, followed by Sergeant Abdullah, who was fumbling for his notebook with a puzzled expression on his dark face.

In the morning Inspector Chafik sat on the edge of a chair in the office of the chief inspector. His superior, a burly Englishman who was a former chief inspector of Scotland Yard, held his present appointment from the Iraqi Government. He was a man whose liver gave him an unpredictable temper. He was also justly proud of his department, so when he roared, "A man murdered under your nose and nobody arrested!" Chafik nervously twisted his black *sidarah* and meekly bowed his head.

"There were three hundred guests," he said. "The killer was aided by the confusion. You yourself, Mr. Ellsworth, will be the first to understand my difficulties." He smiled ingratiatingly and went on, "If you will direct me on the basis of my report——"

ELLSWORTH said, "It's a very thorough report and a black one for Shaalan. My God, Chafik, there'll be the devil to pay if we pick him up for murder! A thing like that might well rouse the Muntafiq."

"I have handled him cautiously for that reason, sir. If only Mr. Hassoon had not been so observant——"

"He did his duty. Now we've got to do ours. And what's this damfool paragraph in your report about Hassoon?" The chief inspector picked up the file and read, "Observes the full ritual of daily prayer, including *coubh, zhor, acr* and *magreb*. Unmarried——" He flung the file down. "His religious habits are his own affair. Tell me about the girl."

"Chief Inspector, she is undoubtedly the agent of a foreign Power and used her charms on Major Rasim for obvious reasons. With your permission, I intend to retain her passport until the investigation is completed. And I will use her," Chafik added in a hard voice.

"Could she have killed Rasim?"

"She could—and she is an excellent actress."

"He may have threatened to denounce her." Ellsworth drummed the desk and then asked abruptly, "The knife's untraceable?"

"It could have been purchased anywhere. These knives are mass-produced in your country, sir."

"But they don't make 'em to kill people!" The chief inspector picked up Chafik's report again and re-read the paragraph referring to the weapon. "A thin blade," he said. "External bleeding insufficient to stain the killer's hand. No fingerprints." He shrugged. "It's a tough case, Chafik, and I don't propose to muddle you with suggestions. You have your own methods and perhaps the less I know about 'em the better. I leave it to you."

The inspector stood and bowed. He said, "Sir, I am honoured by your trust and will do my best. But all is with God." He salaamed with the curved fingers of his right hand to his forehead, but when he was in the corridor and had closed Ellsworth's door he murmured, "I leave it to you. I leave it to you. How very nice to be the chief inspector!"

In his own office Chafik found the woman Khurrem waiting with Sergeant Abdullah in attendance. She was quietly dressed in the Western style, but a black shawl, like a Spanish mantilla, was draped over her head and from under the folds her great eyes looked out with suspicion and alarm. The sergeant, who was hovering behind her chair, made a gesture as if pleading for clemency but the voice of

the inspector was cold as he said, "You have your passport?"

He took the passport, embossed with the arms of the Syrian Republic, and wrote out a receipt. Khurrem said, "This is outrageous!"

"It is a precaution," answered Chafik. "It does not suit my purpose that you should leave Iraq. You are accustomed to taking orders, Madame, and now I give them."

"You talk riddles. I am only a woman who sings and dances——"

"You do both delightfully!" He turned to a ponderous steel cabinet and took out a file. "The pattern of your life," said Inspector Chafik casually, "has the intricate weave of a Kirman carpet and the more one studies it the more one sees. Your father, who was a Syrian, gave you a Turkish name. You were born in Istanbul and taken to Damascus at the age of ten. You were orphaned four years later and there is a gap in your life until you reappear in Iran, as a cabaret entertainer, at the end of the war."

"Is that a crime?" She put a cigarette into a jewelled holder and Sergeant Abdullah hastened with a match.

Chafik said, "It is not a crime. And as I am a broad-minded man I think no evil of you because you lived with Mr. Ali Muzaffer, a very prominent member of the Left, or Tudeh Party."

THERE was a musical rattle of bracelets as Khurrem's hand shook. The little man tapped the open file and continued: "Here is where the pattern becomes very interesting. You crossed and recrossed the Middle East from Teheran to Cairo, and the men you charmed were military men and government officials, never any others. Those were your orders, Madame?"

"I refuse to answer such a question."

"And rightly so. Of course the connection of the Tudeh Party with our very powerful northern neighbour——" Inspector Chafik paused. "Sergeant Abdullah, where are your manners? The lady's cigarette has gone out." He waited a moment and then said gently, "Madame, I am not interested in political matters this time. Only murder. I require a well-trained agent—one so charming as yourself, for instance."

"I? Work for you?" The woman was pale, trembling.

"I am a gentleman," Chafik said, "and it would distress me to retain your passport permanently. Mr. Hassoon might dismiss you from the Great Caliph and then you might have difficulty in finding other work in Baghdad," he added sadly.

Khurrem picked up her long gloves and drew them carefully over her slender hands, the palms of which were touched with henna. "What are your orders?"

"You will continue to entertain at the cabaret, but you will be very kind to Mohammed Shaalan who has long admired you. Other orders will be given later. And you will, of course, be discreetly silent about our interview."

"I think you are the Devil!"

Inspector Chafik rose to his feet and bowed. "That is with God," he said. . . .

Five days after the interview between Inspector Chafik and Khurrem the dancer, a sandstorm spread a dirty canopy over the Baghdad sky. It was a day of oppressive heat and the air was filled with dust, while the noises of the city became strident as tempers shortened.

In the Nassah quarter two men stabbed each other over a debt amounting to thirty *fils*. A husband at Kadhimain, wearied of his wife, strangled her and dropped the body in the Tigris, and was caught by the police. In his headquarters on Al-Rashid Street, Inspector Chafik read the reports and said, "One regrets these things, but conditions are excellent for my little plan and tonight, Abdullah, we put it into action."

Shortly before ten o'clock, Khurrem, performing to a half-empty cabaret, received a note as she left the stage for the booth occupied by Mohammed Shaalan. The Arabic characters had a certain tidiness and left her in no doubt of the writer, although the note was unsigned. She read:

In the name of God the Compassionate. You will invite Mr. Shaalan to your hotel and proceed there by arabana. You will leave the carriage and enter the hotel ahead of him. Be assured that your virtue will be protected.

Khurrem tore the letter into shreds. Her look was dangerous as she went slowly to the booth where Shaalan was waiting. She passed Hassoon who said, "There are such few guests I am closing early. Please inform your new lover." Khurrem brushed him with her shoulder, a gesture of contempt.

When she passed through the gap in the flowering shrubs she found a smile for Shaalan, but it faded when the Arab said, "I saw a man speak to you! I saw you lean against him!" and fumbled with the gun under his robe.

The woman said in a husky voice, "Thou fool!" and her small teeth clenched on the stem of the jewelled cigarette holder. Then she opened her bag and took out her gloves. "We close early. I am weary. Will you see me to my hotel?"

When they left the cabaret an arabana swung out of the waiting line and drew to the curb, and a man in a café across the street went quickly to the telephone. He dialled a number and shortly afterwards Inspector Chafik, who was relaxing at his favourite cinema, rose as he felt Abdullah's touch on his shoulder.

The little man said, "Now I shall never know who put the body of the collector of Chinese jade in the parrot cage at the Central Park Zoo." He looked over his shoulder at the screen and shook his head regretfully as he left the cinema.

The street was almost empty. Dust, weighted with moisture sucked from the river by the day's heat, fell softly and a blue haze obscured the lights. Sergeant Abdullah said, "One eats dust," and Chafik answered, "It is our lot." They walked under the pillared arcade to the top of Al-Rashid Street and, turning at a sign which read "Ma'mun Hotel," entered a dark passage. A door leading to a garden opened and three officers of the Metropolitan Police, their tunics smudges of white in the darkness, saluted smartly.

The inspector waited behind the partly closed door. Presently he raised his head as the clop-clop of horses' hoofs sounded up the street, but he did not speak until there was the double crack of a driver's whip. Then he said, "It is the signal," and opened the door another inch.

As the carriage drew up, Mohammed Shaalan, muffled in his robes against the storm, jumped down and extended his hand to Khurrem. The woman said softly, "Follow me in a few minutes," and went up the passage to the hotel fumbling in her bag. When Shaalan had given money to the driver he waited until the carriage had disappeared into the haze and then glided after Khurrem with the smooth step of the desert dweller.

AT that moment a car came up the road and pulled to the curb, and a man crossed the sidewalk with a single leap. The blade of an uplifted dagger darted toward Shaalan's back.

Inspector Chafik threw back the garden door with a twist of his left shoulder and thrust out his arm in the same movement. He felt the burn of steel on his wrist as he wrapped his arm about the throat of the man and flung him violently against the wall of the passage. At the same time Sergeant Abdullah, crouching on the parapet above, descended with his full weight and a cry of, "Thou dog of dogs!"

The three constables rushed from the garden and joined the confused huddle of struggling bodies. In a quiet voice Chafik was heard to say, "The ferocity of a pack of wolves is not equal to that of a pack of men. Please do not tear him to bits."

The steel jaws of handcuffs closed. Sergeant Abdullah rose and said with wonder, "Sir, it is Hassoon!"

"He fitted the pattern," answered the inspector, and went to look at the thin hollow-eyed man who was now helpless in the grip of the police.

Hassoon was crying, "In the name of God let me kill him as I killed the other lustful dog! The evil in the hearts of men! The honey of women!" And he began to quote from the Koran in a high voice, "By their tokens shall the sinners be known, and they shall be seized by their forelocks and their feet. . . ."

The voice changed to gibberish, and Sergeant Abdullah said, "God has touched him. He will not hang, for the madness has always been there. I cover my shamed face because I did not see the truth, that this man who never married and hated lust was himself filled with lust for the woman Khurrem, and so killed those she favoured. Yet, sir, a fact and not a theory must have guided you to the truth."

"I told you to note the fact. An ash-tray in which we saw nothing but the stubs of cigarettes. You disappoint me, Abdullah!" Inspector Chafik dipped into the prisoner's pockets and showed a handful of salted melon seeds. "As I smoke, so this one nibbles," he said. "So strong the habit that he nibbled in the presence of Major Rasim's corpse and placed the husks of the seeds in the tray on the table. And in his own office was a tray piled with husks. Yet in Khurrem's dressing-room, where he said he waited for her, were no husks. Therefore he was not in the room and therefore he lied when he said Shaalan was not there."

"Such deduction has the clarity of a flawless crystal," said Abdullah.

"It was clear because God made it so. And the rest of the story is a pattern of woven threads. Who else but Hassoon could have stolen behind Rasim and made the fatal thrust? He tried to claim another victim by putting suspicion on Shaalan, but that failed and he was again driven to murder. Fortunately prevented," Inspector Chafik added, turning to Mohammed Shaalan.

"By God's mercy——" the young Arab said.

"And by my arm and the men who guarded you from the moment you left the Great Caliph! You will find the Muntafiq a safer place than the cabarets of Baghdad. Please give my compliments to the sheik, your father." Chafik's nod was a dismissal and Shaalan, wiping the perspiration from his face, murmured, "I bless your house," and left meekly.

They took away the man Hassoon, who was now chanting from the Koran, "The beauteous ones with large dark eyeballs . . . whom man hath never touched, nor any jinn. . . ." Inspector Chafik turned to Khurrem who stood in the shadows. He took an envelope from his pocket and gave it to her.

"Your passport, Madame." He paused and then said with a note of regret in his voice, "I took the liberty of enclosing a ticket for Damascus by the Trans-Desert Autobus, leaving tomorrow afternoon."

Khurrem said softly, a little laugh catching her throat, "Yes, you are surely the Devil!"

And with his most courteous bow, curved fingers hovering near his *sidarah* in a salaam, Inspector Chafik answered, "But you will agree the Devil is a gentleman——"

THIS WEEK'S COVER

AS ANY CHILD will vouch, night time in Kensington Gardens is the signal for revelry among the fairies as they glide and whirl to Peter Pan's piping. Peter is a favourite of Michael Critchlow's sons. Frequently the artist's family go to watch youngsters identifying the birds and fairies nestling on the plinth of Peter's statue. But Donald, his nose temporarily out of joint, is disdainful of such fanciful things.

Island Story

RAISING OF THE school-leaving age has resulted in a great dearth of youth for labour. Our grocer interviewed a new errand boy recently, and all seemed well until they came to wages. The boy asked for £2 10s. a week. "But I could get a man for that," said the grocer. "Maybe," said the canny lad, "but you won't get a boy."—*Robert Dawson, 1 Laurel Place, Glasgow, S.W.1.*

★

"NOW COME ON, LADIES," shouted the fishmonger the other day. "Have your paper ready. Can't serve anyone without. Paper is scarcer than pound notes these days."

A little old lady in the queue chuckled. "All right then, use pound notes," she said. "No one will mind much."—*E. Roberts, 8 Offley Road, London, S.W.9.*

★

MY HUSBAND AND OUR little girl, Joan were digging in the garden after tea when Joan observed that she couldn't see any worms. "They've gone to sleep," her daddy told her.

Just then, Joan found one. "Oh, look, Daddy," she cried. "Here's one on night work!"—*Mrs. E. W. Baines, 26 Anmersh Grove, Stanmore, Middlesex.*

★

GRANNY, WHO IS EIGHTY-FOUR and lives in the past, remarked the other day: "All this nonsense about not being able to get cups and saucers. Why don't you get ——'s tea? They give away a lovely tea service for fifty labels from their half-pound packets of tea. You young people want waking up!"—*B. Heath, 117 Windermere Road, London, S.W.16.*

Readers' personal experiences reflecting the times we live in win one guinea on publication. Mark entries "Island Story." Postcards only, please

Virginia Mayo

AGREES

"No other shampoo leaves your hair so glamorous yet so easy to manage"

Blonde Tantalising smile — mischievous blue eyes — golden hair — to all these add a vivid personality and there you have glamorous Virginia Mayo. "If you want compliments about your hair, just try Drene," says Miss Mayo. "Thanks to Drene my hair is now so full of highlights it actually shines." You'll find the same thing. Drene leaves no lime deposit to dull the natural loveliness of your hair. It is absolutely safe and *cannot* harm the hair or scalp. And remember, Drene is most economical — goes twice as far. Buy a larger size and save money.

VIRGINIA MAYO
Starring in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives"

Redhead

This youthful model with the glamorous red hair always follows the lead of the stars. "I use Drene Shampoo regularly because modelling requires frequent changes of hair-styles, and Drene is simple to use and leaves my hair so easy to set." Once you've tried Drene your hair will be easier to manage, too!

Brunette

Cover-girls, as well as film-stars, know the value of lovely hair. "Of course, I use Drene Shampoo," says this brunette with the bright eyes and shining hair, "Drene leaves my hair so *clean* and brings out all its natural sparkle." That's because Drene removes dandruff and reveals the sheen nature gave your hair.

Drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

"On the line" at the Royal Academy: John Bull cover painting (of February 28, 1948). Seen with it above is the artist Douglas L. Mays

FREE SPEECH

ENTERTAINMENT TAX FOR theatres has been reduced, but so far I haven't come across one theatre which has reduced the price of its seats.

Other concerns, such as sports' outfitters, reduced their prices immediately after the Budget, but the excuse of theatre managers is that the tax concession will be eaten up by repair work. We are not charged extra for our butter by the grocer when he wants to paint his doors, so why should theatre people be allowed to charge us for upkeep?

I am a very keen theatre fan, but I am determined not to go again until prices are reduced. And if managers are determined not to pass on their good fortune to the public, I suggest Sir Stafford levies the tax again — retrospectively! — R. BEREN, 92 High Road, London, S.W.12.

***Tax relief for "live entertainment" is not yet in force. But Society of West End Theatre Managers is reducing prices May 31. Provinces are expected to follow suit. In the case of purchase tax, however, concession was effective immediately.*—EDITOR.

No-name Villages

WHILE PASSING THROUGH many villages and small towns recently on a long bus ride, I was amazed to find that there was little indication of the names of any of them.

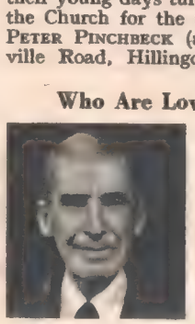
Surely, post offices and all municipal buildings should carry the name of the town or village they serve, however small the place may be.—MRS. F. E. HALLAM, 17 Brookfield Road, Sheffield, 7.

Weekday "Sunday Schools"?

CHILDREN SHOULD NOT be forced to go to Sunday school by their parents. Moral training could be given at school, during the week, instead of taking up sunny hours in often badly ventilated chapels on "free days."

Adults have assured me that strictly enforced Sunday school attendance in their young days turned them away from the Church for the rest of their lives.—PETER PINCHBECK (aged 16), 113 Granville Road, Hillingdon, Middlesex.

Who Are Loveliest Twins?



J. H. McCallum

SEEING two identically pretty girls who were obviously twins walking down the street together recently, I wondered why no — "Beautiful Twins" contest has been held in Britain.

These contests are very popular in America, and I am sure would be on this side of the Atlantic, too.—JOHN HOWARD MCCALLUM, 211 Mowbray Road, South Shields, Co. Durham.

***Good idea! But where are all the beautiful twins? Let's see them.*—EDITOR.

Going Shares

MY FIANCÉE, WHO IS ENGLISH, recently wrote to me that a friend of hers cannot make up his mind whether he loves a girl, and wondered how we were so sure of each other while so far apart.

Reading her letter, I remembered what an old Dutchman once said to me: "A girl and a boy can be sure of each other's love when they'll use each other's toothbrush without hesitation." It's the best summing-up I know.—SGT. G. DRIEENHUIZEN, Royal Netherlands Army, Demob Centre M.K., Staff Coy., Woerden, Holland.

Cover Painting at Academy

ON A VISIT TO THE Royal Academy my most interesting experience was seeing a painting by Douglas L. Mays which had already appeared on the cover of JOHN BULL.

The painting was of an art student copying an Old Master, and it had an honoured position "on the line."—MISS FREDA BOWLES, Surbiton, Surrey.

Political Opinions *Do* Count

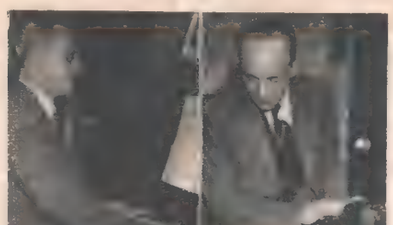
N. W. BEAN, WHO COMPLAINED in JOHN BULL (April 24), of political discrimination, takes a one-sided view of the Government's Communist purge.

Does he believe that because a man is capable his opinions are of no account? A capable man with wrong opinions is all the more dangerous because of his very capability.—B. SIMMONS, 10 Upper High Street, Worthing, Sussex.

Words and Music

IF ONE SAW A PIANIST playing the piano with sheet music laid flat at his right-hand side, one would conclude he was crazy. Yet, thousands of typists "play" the typewriter in this most uncomfortable position.

Won't someone please produce a stand



T. Bradshaw at piano and typewriter

to hold the copy directly above the typewriter and thus prevent typists, their heads permanently askew, becoming deformed?—T. BRADSHAW, 10 King John Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 6.

Little by Little

MY MOTHER, A WIDOW of seventy-six, who has been a cripple for forty years, was told by her doctor to apply to the local Assistance Board for help in obtaining bedclothes.

She completed three forms, an official called to examine her bedclothes, ration and rent books and after three weeks she received a nice new pension book granting her a supplementary pension of sixpence. Two pension books have now to be taken to the post office on her behalf, one for 26s., the other for 6d.

She now wonders how long it will take to buy a pair of blankets at 6d. a week. —J. FIELD, 13 Arnold Place, Tredegar.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

P.S. *On Home Budgets*

Quoting a housewife who finds twelve guineas a month housekeeping budget hard going, Kay Smallshaw pointed out a few economies that could help to make ends meet in a recent JOHN BULL *article. Here readers give their own budget secrets.*

I THINK THE WOMAN mentioned in Kay Smallshaw's article is very lucky to have twelve guineas a month for housekeeping these days. I get fourteen pounds a month—but I also pay the rent, coal, electric and gas bills as well as insurance for my husband and myself.

Neither of us smokes, and I do my own laundry except my husband's stiff collars. We manage well.—*Mrs. E. Field, 41 Hopefield Road, Leicester.*

I LIST ALL THE basic costs I shall have to meet in a year and then divide by fifty-two. It works out at about 33s. 6d. a week.

I put 35s. a week in a box, and keep a book with credit and debit sides, which must balance at the end of the year.

I have two boys, aged twelve and nine, and make whatever clothes for them I can. Instead of buying jam, I make it: about 70 lbs. of jam and 30 lbs of marmalade each year. We visit the cinema only about once a year. I do not smoke or drink, though my husband smokes about twenty cigarettes a week. We prefer a good meal to pictures or cigarettes. — *Mrs. A. P., Canterbury, Kent.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

GAS AND ELECTRICITY are two heavy items that can take an "economy cut." Refilling the kettle directly it is emptied and placing it back on the warm stove, for instance, will save time and gas later, as the chill will be taken off the water. Placing the table lamp before a mirror allows the use of a less-bright globe.

But the main way to economize is to be content with what you've got and not cast envious eyes at what the Smiths or the Browns have. It saves your pocket as well as your peace of mind!—*Mrs. E. C. A., Edmonton.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

TWELVE GUINEAS A MONTH, exclusive of heavy rent and fuel bills, sounds like a dream to me.

I've been married three and a half years and have two children. I do most of my cooking on the fire.

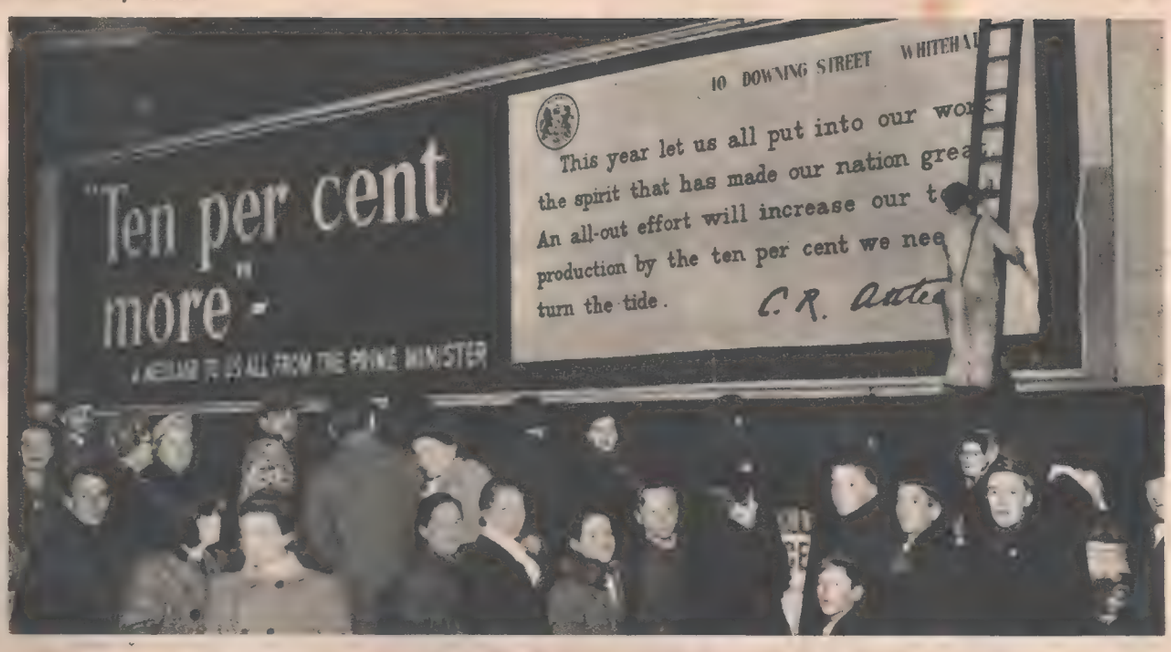
My husband gives me £4 a week. This is how it goes: rent, 18s.; coal, 5s.; insurance, 5s. 4d.; laundry, 2s. 6d.; papers, 2s. 7d.; milk, 1s. 9d. I allow 30s. a week for food for three of us and 5s. 7½d. a week for baby's dried milk food and 5d. for orange juice. Out of what's left has to come doctor's bills, clothes, shoe repairs, etc.

As for pictures or a hairdo—well, they're things I read about in JOHN BULL.—*Mrs. Marjorie Price, 17 Church Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.*

SINCE WE HAVE BEEN rationed for many years it seems a pity to deprive ourselves of any food we really enjoy just to save a few pence. It is surely false economy to curtail expenditure on food as health will soon suffer.

Why not try to avoid waste instead? To keep lettuce fresh, rinse in cold water and place in a saucepan with a tight-fitting lid to exclude the air. This is a good tip for all greens, and even limp vegetables will revive under this treatment.—*Mrs. Bernice S. Dummer, 18 Penycae Road, Port Talbot, Glam.*

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM


"Ten per cent more"
A MESSAGE TO US ALL FROM THE PRIME MINISTER
10 DOWNING STREET WHITEHALL
This year let us all put into our work
the spirit that has made our nation great
An all-out effort will increase our
production by the ten per cent we need
turn the tide.
C. R. Attlee

The Government poster on the wall, the tub-thumper in Hyde Park: both must pass the same test

The Answer Lies With the People

by Claud Morris

The pundits may put this or that case, but in Britain it's the plain man who has the last word. Public opinion is the backbone of our democracy

HALF A DOZEN newspapers, a battalion of publicists, and two or three radio voices compete for my attention every morning. The Government itself is spending four million pounds a year on publicity, compared with less than half a million in 1938.

Over nine million people may have their supper spoiled by a single sentence on the nine o'clock news. Yet does this battery of news and propaganda really influence the mind of the ordinary fellow?

In a well-worn easy chair, by the side of a telephone in his old home in Chartwell, Kent, there sits a pensive, visibly ageing man.

The telephone rings. Winston Churchill is talking on a private line to Lord Woolton, chairman of the Conservative Party.

Does Money Always Tell?

Important men, you say. Yes, they are. Both are eager to win the next election for the Conservative Party. Lord Woolton recently received a million pounds as a fighting fund with which to fill the country with posters, cinema vans, platform speakers and a hundred other aids to the target of removing the Socialists.

Yet despite a great deal of money—at an estimate more than a quarter of a million pounds was spent on publicity in the 1945 election—the electorate who cheered Churchill to the echo as a war leader kicked his party out at the polls.

Do newspapers form public opinion? Many try. At the last general election the *Daily Express* conducted a bitter campaign against the Labour Party, but Labour swept into power, showing how little influence the mind of an individual newspaper proprietor can have once the public has made *its* mind up.

Do you remember the screaming headlines in the newspapers of a few years ago that told us the Army was rebellious about the demobilization plans? The row died down in a fortnight because public opinion was not nearly enough behind it. The revolt of the doctors looks like ending with agreement—because public opinion is not basically interested in the squabble. It wants the health service without the frills of argument.

On the other hand, when the Government cut basic petrol it had no idea of the storm of protest that would follow. Here was a campaign where the people were with the Press. Result: basic is being returned, much sooner than ever seemed likely.

Public opinion acts in great and little things. Do you know the name of Mimi Fogt? Maybe not. She is a twenty-six year old French painter. With her husband and another artist she demonstrated at the Royal Academy Exhibition two years ago against what they described as "a despicable and commercial racket." Finally they were bustled out of the building.

But Mimi and her husband were trying to form public opinion. In my view they were better people than the hundreds who sit at home grumbling at the Academy picture selections and do little about it. More vigorous protests like this and—for good or ill—the exhibition policy of the Academy might change.

Remember the 243 paratroopers in a prison camp at Kluang, Johore? Protest swept Britain. They were released. Remember the Battle of Bloomsbury, when the squatters took over disused and empty houses? The law seemed to be against them, yet they won their fight. They speeded up housing requisitioning. Do you remember, too, the day when the public stormed the Underground stations during the first blitzes and forced them to be opened? That was public opinion in action.

Let me tell you about Alfred Lomnitz, a German refugee who was interned here during the war. The other week Lomnitz met a man he had known in Berlin before the war. This man protested that the Germans were innocent of any crime and did not know about the horrors of Buchenwald and Dachau.

Lomnitz pointed out the difference between the informed public opinion which exists in Britain and the complete lack of public opinion that existed in Germany. He instanced his own experience in a British internment camp.

At one stage the authorities got high-handed with the internees. Protests ran across the country and the camps were taken out of the hands of the Army and put in the hands of the Home Office. Public opinion in action!

Last Sunday evening I walked through Hyde Park. A dozen people were speaking. "What a waste of time," said my companion. I told her I like this kind of England, where you and I, or anybody with a soapbox, without maybe the price of a cup of coffee, can begin to shape public opinion.

"Yes," she said, "but *nothing ever happens*, does it?" Doesn't it?

Prayer Book and Tenpence

The great Labour Party started, not with a big newspaper, or millions of money, but with a single soapbox. John Wesley started in Bristol with a prayer book and tenpence in his purse. Booth started in the East End with a ragged crowd of children in his battle to form public opinion.

Lindbergh and Amy Johnson were two great influencers of public opinion. They told the world about the supremacy of American and British aviation and the guts of aviators. Extraordinary people? No, but determined people.

Yet it is not enough to be determined to form public opinion. Sir Oswald Mosley would give his right hand to get back into the House of Commons and lead a large Fascist Party. He has said: "The whole world is crying out for a new civilization and I believe I can supply it when the right time comes. When that will be, of course, I don't know." When? The majority of British opinion is against him.

Dozens of crackpots spend time, money and energy trying to swing public opinion their way. They usually win some sort of a following. There are always enough political kleptomaniacs around to fit in with any such group. But, in the last resort, they always come up against public opinion.

I saw an M.P. in a West End bar the other night. He flaunted a cigar. He mooted his opinions in a loud voice. He thought he was one of the immortals. The rest of the people present thought he was in extremely bad taste. I would have liked to have shown him a chart illustrating the ups and downs of our House of Commons in the past twenty-five years.

Out of that noble six hundred who were there in 1923, I can now pick out only a dozen faces. The rest are either dead, ennobled or defeated. Of the Commons members in the 1925 Cabinet, only one remains in the House today—Churchill. The great Liberal Party is reduced from a battalion to a platoon.

A man from France whom I met last week sneered to me that Britain was a third-rate nation. I wonder? In 1940 I saw that same Frenchman. He was then in Lisbon. He was openly trading with the Germans. He came across to me. "Churchill," he said, "is fighting with words."

I made no reply. But, in fact, I know now, as I knew then, that Churchill was fighting with something greater than rhetoric. Behind him stood British public opinion. He was fighting with faith.

The Five British Crosses

For public opinion often has little to do with the opinion of prominent people. Britain's prestige low in Europe? But the other day a friend walked into my office who had been to Stavanger, Norway. There he found a graveyard with the graves of three hundred Germans, and somewhere among the three hundred were five British crosses, set haphazardly among the Nazi dead.

The German graves were a wilderness, choked with weeds. But each of the five British graves standing there in this wilderness was a little garden, neat and clean, carefully tended.

Who had done this? Had a great newspaper arranged it? Had a politician taken time off to tidy these graves? No, simple men and women from Stavanger had shown their opinion—their respect for their liberators.

Public opinion is the backbone of our country, as of theirs. It is not easily swayed. There is less a disposition to accept what newspapers, radio and politicians say than to try to estimate probable truth.

I have just been to Whitehall to meet one of the men who are paid £1,800 a year to run the Government's "Ten Per cent More Work" campaign.

He told me: "When British public opinion is formed today it is formed by facts, by sense, and not by sensation."

WITH MY FEET UP

by Ian Fox

Seeing Stars

GUIDE BOOKS to holiday resorts are now being sent out as fast as paper restrictions allow. Sometimes in the past these have, in my opinion, laid too much stress on the beauty and history of the neighbourhood.

In presenting the following extracts from my ideal seaside guide book, I have given really practical help and have further streamlined the information by borrowing the stars used by Baedeker in his guide books.

The difference is that he stars things people *ought* to see whereas I have starred things that people *want* to see.

Here we go then.

SANDBAY-ON-SEA is a large, gay, lively town.*** The gently sloping, sandy beach* is approached via the magnificent, two-mile long, steel and concrete promenade.***** This promenade, built in 1939 and entirely renovated in 1948, provides a galaxy of shelters,* shops,** sideshows,*** and ice-cream stalls.****

From the centre of the promenade, a specially built concrete quay reaches to the water's edge* so that visitors may board boats*** without walking on the sand or risking wet feet. A half-hour's trip round the lighthouse** may be indulged in for a moderate sum (about fifteen shillings). A more expensive trip passes in view of Briny Beach Nudist Colony.*****

A whole afternoon trip is available to the historic Roman remains at Seaweed Cove, allowing the visitor two hours ashore in Hoghammer's Atomic Funfair and Amusement Park.*****

IN the centre of the town is the famous town hall with its quaint old courtroom and an interesting museum of local antiquities. In another section of the building dances***** are held every evening.

Holidaymakers are recommended to visit Little Bughouse, a distance of about half an hour's pleasant country walk* (buses***** every twenty minutes).

In this picturesque village are the ruins of a sixteenth-century castle. Near the ruins is Ye Olde Castle Tea Room,***** where visitors may obtain excellent shrimp teas (4s. 6d., including tea).

A feature of the sea front at Sandbay is the long and elegant pier,** rebuilt in 1927, with its dance hall**** and night club.***** Another feature of the pier is the wide variety of its slot machines, which include several recent additions, such as "1948 Frillies" and "The Nude Look." *****

OPPOSITE the end of the pier (the land end, of course) is the magnificent 200-yard swimming pool***** filled with real sea water. Sea bathing is also available.

The Sandbay Theatre is a historic building which has seen such famous players as Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and Max Miller. This season the "Sandbay Follies" ***** will be stepping the boards in high fettle.

Adjoining the theatre is the Public Library, where can be seen copies of JOHN BULL***** containing a weekly article entitled "With My Feet Up." **********

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

I'm Happy Being Myself

What's wrong with being talkative—provided your talk is worth listening to?

A MAN ONCE SAID TO ME: "Don't you ever long to be different from what you are?" And when I said "No—not now I'm grown up," he looked quite shocked.

Several readers seem to have been similarly shocked by my statement the other week that I've found it impossible to change the character I was born with—and that I don't believe any of us can acquire a new character. The only thing we can do is to try and make the best of the one we've got.

One chap, in particular, is badly upset. He says he's too talkative. His friends don't like it, and he's doing his best to stop it. And now I come along and sap his faith. Has he got to go on being talkative all his life?

Well, if he's determined to stop himself at all costs, I suppose he could wear a gag. But I don't recommend it, whether the gag is physical or mental.

If it's his nature to talk a lot, I think he'll find it safer to let himself rip. If he goes about with all that talk bottled up inside him, becoming more and more explosive every minute, he's liable to do himself a serious injury.

What's wrong with being talkative, anyway? Nothing that I can see—provided your talk is worth listening to.

And that, I think, is the whole point. Why waste energy and willpower on trying to repress your natural tendencies when, by devoting the same energy and willpower to cultivating them, you can turn them into something worth while?

Having been born talkative myself, I feel I know a lot about this particular "weakness." I'm told I could talk well (or, at any rate, clearly and copiously) long before I could walk. And as far back as I can remember, I was continually being clouted by my long-suffering elders for talking too long and too much. If ever a child ought to have been gagged, I suppose that child was me—for I can't suppose I had anything very original to say in those days.

Even Pay to Listen

However—for better or worse—nothing could stop me talking. Not even my own attempts to stop it. With the result that I got so much practice in the art that nowadays I find I can talk fairly easily anywhere at any time on almost anything. Some people are actually willing to pay money to hear me talk—just as if I were a football match, or the dogs. I've known organizers of meetings charge half a crown admission, and still fill a hall. I've never got over my surprise at this. (Nor has my family.) But there it is. People do it. So I suppose they must be getting some pleasure out of it.

What's more, by letting myself rip like this in public, I've ceased to be a nuisance in private. Nowadays, I do so much talking outside the home that when I'm in it I'm only too glad to give my tongue a rest. At family parties I sit quietly in a corner and never speak until I'm spoken to. And then only to say as little as possible. The roaring lion on the platform becomes a silent mouse at home. Which suits everybody.

In all seriousness, I think that's the only way to tackle one's character. It's no use trying to thwart yourself. If, at the moment, you seem full of failings, it may be simply because you're in the wrong surroundings, or trying to do the wrong job. The sensible thing to do is not to try to crush down some essential part of yourself, but to try to find an opening in life where that part of you which now seems a weakness may turn out to be a strength.

For instance, I used to worry at one time because I wasn't much good at sticking to anything. I was good at starting things but, once I'd got them going, I got bored with them and wanted to try something else. It was the same with jobs. As soon as I'd learned to do a job well, I lost interest in it. I wanted to tackle something more difficult. And I'm still like that. Like Alexander, I'm always hankering for new worlds to conquer.

For years, this seemed to me a shameful weakness. But one day I was talking to a man who had just opened a café in a neighbourhood where nobody had thought of opening one before. In a few weeks, he'd built up quite a good trade. I said to him: "Well, you certainly had a brainwave here. You've got a business now that'll give you a comfortable living for the rest of your life."

Always on the Move

He laughed and shook his head. "Not me," he said. "I couldn't stick it. As soon as this place is well established, I shall sell it to someone who's looking for that comfortable living. I shall go and start another café somewhere else. And, later, sell that one, too. That's what I do all the time."

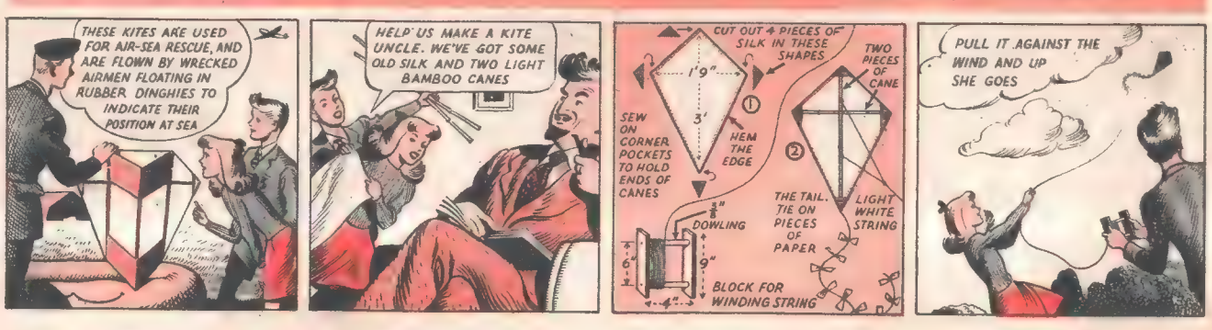
I saw it all then, in a great flash of light. Some men are born to start things; others are born to carry them on. The two talents are often separate and distinct. And if a man's good at starting things, why should he feel a failure because he isn't good at carrying them on?

There are always plenty of people only too pleased to get the chance to carry on something after someone else has started it; people who seem quite unable to start anything for themselves.

I saw, therefore, that I was a fool to worry about my failure to carry things on. What I ought to do was to concentrate my energies on my talent for starting things.

When you come to think about it, it's simple common sense. If I'm happy in the initial adventure of starting something, and someone else is happier in the milder job of carrying it on, surely we are both fulfilling our function in life; and neither of us has any call to feel ashamed of being weak where the other one is strong.

UNCLE ANDY — *Hurrah, It's Airborne!*


THESE KITES ARE USED FOR AIR-SEA RESCUE, AND ARE FLOWN BY WRECKED AIRMEN FLOATING IN RUBBER DINGHIES TO INDICATE THEIR POSITION AT SEA
HELP US MAKE A KITE UNCLE. WE'VE GOT SOME OLD SILK AND TWO LIGHT BAMBOO CANES
CUT OUT 4 PIECES OF SILK IN THESE SHAPES
TWO PIECES OF CANE
1'9"
3'
SEW ON CORNER POCKETS TO HOLD ENDS OF CANES
HEM THE EDGE
THE TAIL TIE ON PIECES OF PAPER
LIGHT WHITE STRING
DOWLING
9"
BLOCK FOR WINDING STRING
PULL IT AGAINST THE WIND AND UP SHE GOES

DEATH OR GLORY BOY

by HUBERT COLE

Charlie, the tattooist, is principally an under-the-sleeve artist, though it is odd what locations some people prefer for their pierced heart or their serpent

IN A SHOP IN PRAED STREET, London, five minutes' dawdle from Paddington Station, Charlie Bell practises a craft as old as the Stone Age. It probably started in Europe, whence the early sailors took it gradually eastward. Then the later sailors brought it back again, and Europeans now call it "tattoo," after its Tahitian name "tatau."

During its sojourn in the East it developed into a pretty intricate and popular process. The Burmese had themselves tattooed from head to foot. The Japanese used tattoo instead of trousers. The involved patterns on the faces of Maori chiefs were minor works of art.

To dig the vegetable colouring into the skin some used pins and needles, some used chisels and a light mallet, some used flint adzes. Charlie uses a small electric drill.

If you step smartly into Charlie's shop at No. 75 you will as likely as not walk slap into the wall. The tattooing saloon has a width of about four feet at one end and three feet at the other. The walls are densely covered with hundreds of designs.

At the thin end of the wedge sits Charlie, with a shelf full of jars and bottles at his right hand and a chair for the customer before him. There is an electric socket into which he plugs his machine and, in chilly weather, a paraffin stove to keep waiting customers warm on the bench. Charlie wears his hat all the time.

The hat, together with Charlie's unwavering gaze, his American accent and the invariable monotone in which he speaks, produce the impression that Charlie is a close relation of Ned Sparks.

"Cost you three-pound-ten, take three sittings and you're gonna getta scar," he says to the Swede who is only in London for one day and wants a deeply tattooed band removed from his finger.

"Scar?" says the Swede.

"Yeah, scar," says Charlie.

"What is scar, pliss?" asks the Swede.

"Goldurn it," says Charlie to himself. "Don't know what a scar is! A scar—same like similar I've got on my hand." And then, believing that an ounce of reiteration is worth a pound of explanation: "It's a scar, see?"

She's Jilted Beyond Recall

The Swede evidently does see. He leaves the finger for a later date and settles for the removal of a young lady's face from his wrist. Charlie does this in one sitting for a pound. He sterilizes his needle in a spirit lamp, plugs it into the electric socket and drills all round the lady's face, having first shaved it with a cut-throat razor. The machine works like a pneumatic drill, tattooing in sound as well as action.

When he has finished, Charlie wraps the wrist in toilet paper and slips on two rubber bands. "Keep it on for five hours, then wash your wrist with ordinary soap and water," he says. "Then bandage it up with gauze and leave it till Tuesday week. When you take it off, it'll be gone."

"Tuesday week?" asks the Swede. "Tuesday week," confirms Charlie, adding, to make all clear, "A week Tuesday."

"Gauze?" asks the Swede. "Yeah, gauze," says Charlie. "Gauze. You get it in a chemist's shop. Gauze. You know what gauze is: a lot of little holes in cotton-wool."

Charlie got quite a little publicity a few weeks back when he resolved a matrimonial problem by obliterating a W.A.A.F. on a man's arm and substituting, somewhat ungallantly, a serpent. Charlie is pleased with the job from a technical angle, and the man's wife has since announced that she and her husband have settled down as the happiest couple in Dorset.

Anything You Care to Choose

Serpents are popular designs with the tattooer and tattooee. The walls of the shop carry many variations, with and without wings, tongues darting, scrolls entwining. Charlie will do you in any design you care to choose or think up. But the dominant themes are Love, Death and Loyalty.

The young ladies, who preponderate among the specimens, are overdeveloped far beyond the requirements of the New Look. Some carry transparent fans and nothing else, others pose in suspenders and silk stockings in the style of rue de Rivoli, 1898.

Filial devotion is represented by two hearts and a scroll inscribed "True, Mum, Dad, Love." The sterner aspects of life are portrayed with skulls and flags and swords and such legends as "True Till Death," "Freedom," "Death Before Dishonour." One particularly startling exhibit features the head of a Japanese, fiercely moustached and long-fanged, but with a painful squint, which is doubtless caused by the dagger thrust through his head. The Union Jack waves triumphantly in the background, the gouts of blood drip scarlet and the laconic motto is ". . . or Glory."

A notice on the wall says: "Tattooings and Removals are done at Clients' own responsibility." Another adds: "Owing to the Great Price of the Best Japanese Colors, I am unable to work Colored Designs Cheaply."

You can, however, get a simple design engraved for as little as three shillings. This is a heart, with a scroll carrying any name you care to mention. The most expensive job is a "A Fight for the Standard," Charlie's own design and a very colourful thirty pounds' worth. The characters in this are two soldiers—"A Britisher and a Frenchmen, I guess," says Charlie—hacking valiantly at each other in a Peninsular War setting.

Charlie will do the whole job in one sitting, if you can stand it, which he rather doubts. Some practitioners use transfers for such large jobs (the back is the only expanse of the human frame wide enough to accommodate the fight for the standard), but Charlie scorns such aids and relies entirely on freehand drawing.

He has been at the business for fifteen years. He preserves great secrecy about his birthplace, though his American accent sounds too good to be true. But he definitely states that it was in America that he began his career.

"I'd been kicking around as a saddle-bum and I came to a town called Salome. I saw a guy tattooing in a booth and I tried it out. I sent to New York City for two machines: cost me twelve dollars apiece."

Though Charlie went into the business as an executant, he was not himself tattooed until later, when a gentleman called Wagner did him in New York. Charlie followed that up with more in

Charlie Bell and his electric drill at work on a sitter—a nice floral design. Many folk come back for more

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

Soundest sleepers—men or women?

Do men sleep more soundly than women? At least one authority says no. He says, too, that women sleep more quietly than men

When it comes to getting up in the morning, men have less difficulty than women, according to a recent investigation. But we know that a good start to the day depends, not on your sex, but on the *quality* of your sleep. It is *deep* sleep rather than *long* sleep that you need if you are to wake up in the morning refreshed. A cup of Horlicks last thing induces this deep restorative sleep, the only kind of sleep that brings new confidence, new zest for life, to men and women alike.

HORLICKS

Where do you look first?

Where do people look first when they come into a room? In 9 cases out of 10, it's at the fireplace!

That's why it is so important to keep your grate bright, whether there's a fire burning or not. Zebo does this for you. It gives a brilliant sparkle to grates, surrounds, and firebricks, too.

ZEBO

LIQUID GRATE POLISH

Reckitt & Sons, Hull and London

Detroit. "And then I got tattooed plenty. It sort of got hold of me, and I couldn't sort of stop."

This inability to leave off is common to tattoo subjects. They are constantly coming back for more. Sometimes, of course, they have to return for adjustments.

There was the aircraftman who came in, took off his jacket and, borrowing Charlie's own succinct style, said: "You put it on—you cover it up." He pointed to the inscription "Pauline" in the middle of an ornate design which spread down most of his forearm.

Charlie converted Pauline into a row of flowers in six minutes for four bob, working with one of the four drills he has made for himself. Four drills are necessary in order not to get the colours mixed or keep stopping to clean them.

In a normal job the outline is done in black ink (white for Negroes) and the fancy bits filled in with colours. The colours, which are imported from Japan via America, cost around £1 an ounce before the war, but have gone up to as much as £6 since then. They come in red, green, blue, black, brown, yellow and white. Charlie's favourite is a midnight blue.

"There's plenty of dames around that comes along in motor cars," says Charlie, underlining the social standing of his craft. "They sometimes have a fish on their legs—a goldfish.

"Then there's others want their eyebrows done, or beauty spots, or colour put in their cheeks."

There was a man with a thinning head of hair, for whom Charlie etched in a thicker growth. There was a woman who had a heart and arrow tattooed on the last place one could possibly think of. There was an A.T.S. girl who fancied a flower growing out of her stomach; and a woman who chose the same place to have inscribed "The Irish In Us," surmounted by shamrocks, a woman's head and a heart transfixed by a knife.

But then Charlie has embellished so many different people with so many odd designs in so many quaint places that he has ceased to be surprised at anything.

To Charlie, almost any portion of the body beautiful is merely another blank canvas on which to lavish his multi-coloured art.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Widow's Pension

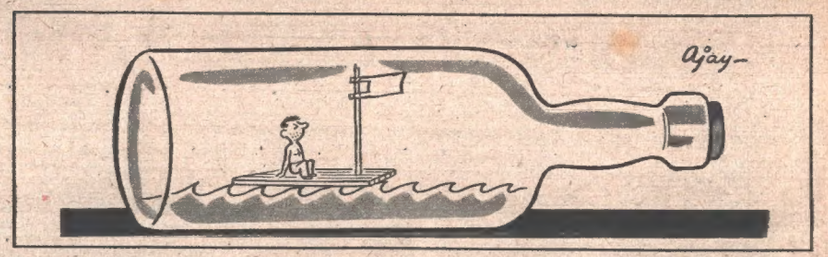
A WIDOW INQUIRES about her prospects under the new National Insurance Act. She writes:

"I am fifty-seven years of age and have been a widow for fourteen years. I receive 10s. a week pension and 9s. 6d. weekly disablement benefit. Recently I was told that, from next July, I shall be entitled to 26s. a week. Is this correct?"

As you are receiving a widow's pension under the Contributory Pensions Act, it can be increased to 26s. a week, from July, if you are considered incapable of self-support due to prolonged infirmity. Application form T.S.7, which can be obtained from the local Area Office of the Assistance Board, should be completed and returned as soon as possible.

Should the increased rate of pension not be granted you will receive the new rate of sickness benefit, but the amount of your present pension plus increased sickness benefit will not be more than 26s. a week.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.



HOME, SWEET HOLLYWOOD: from page 6

compassion. And later, I must admit, in a sort of excitement as well.

You know how wrapped up I have been, all my life, dear, in psychology. Was this simple hate that I saw? Or hate that's akin to love?

Well, three weeks later, dear, they shot the renunciation scene. You remember, in *Let No Man*, when Gwenda can't have a baby, which Gaylord naturally needs to carry on his name, and Gwenda lets him believe that she wants to leave him for Armand, though all that she really wants is for Gaylord to have an heir? Well, they were playing this scene, and abusing each other dreadfully. I sat at the back, quite alone, and nobody knew I was there.

In the film, this scene ends with Gaylord sitting at the grand piano staring ahead as if blind, and playing (I am not quite sure why, in the book it was "There Is A Lady") Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

Well, naturally, Paula felt this did not do her justice and refused to continue the scene until a change had been made. Everyone knows (she said) that of course Derek bribes the writers. . . .

At which, Derek threw himself on the stool by the grand piano, slammed down his arms on the keys so that all of them played simultaneously, put his head down on his arms, and started to tear at his hair.

The director got up and said he had timed this break with his stop-watch and it had cost nine hundred dollars and (I think) forty-three cents.

Derek at last got his voice. Send for Binky, he said—send for Binky.

And after a moment or two the young man with the eyelashes appeared. You remember, the handsome young man who behaved so peculiarly at the party.

Derek and Paula both flung abuses at his head.

He began to twitch at his tie. Well, what did they want? he asked them. That's your business, they replied. But one can't—he said—one can't be inspired at will. Well, if you can't, Derek cried, you will find there are others. Can't anyone get an idea? The director said: "All of you, Think." And then they all of them tried, but nobody seemed very helpful, so I stood up and said: "Could not Gwenda come up behind Gaylord while he was playing in her going away clothes, with tears in her eyes, and hold out her arms to him—in vain, since of course he could not see her?"

I cannot begin to describe the silence that followed. It lasted until my throat was as dry as a bone. And then Paula said: Of course—of course, it was a natural. And even Derek agreed that he thought I had something there. Then they said, who was I? *Who?* But I didn't feel I could tell them. Not after they'd given a party in my honour. And also since the scene that they thought I had just thought of was exactly as I wrote it in my book. So I simply smiled and said I was one of their most devoted admirers and only too happy to help, which, of course, was true.

After that, things began to go with a swing—there is really no other word for it. I started on my script, and Derek and Paula (whom I still felt impelled to see), though they still quarrelled, quarrelled, it seemed to me, in a rather different way. They said the same things, of course; but I thought they said them differently. And I noticed that it was only *after* a shot that he'd slam at the grand piano, and she fling herself down on the couch, panting, and calling him names.

The last day came. The last shots. The last, long embrace. It was over. But Derek and Paula's embrace—that, my dear, did not stop.

Until Derek looked up at last, keeping his arm round Paula, and said: "Why, in this world, do all lovely things have to end?"

Paula said: "Why—tell me why? Why does it have to happen?"

I said I could tell them both, if they really wanted to know.

They looked somewhat surprised, but then they both led me forward, and sat, one each side of me, on the piano stool.

Paula said: "You are so wise. Please, please tell us. . . ."

So I told them about psychology being my hobby and what I had noticed at once about Hollywood homes. "They're not lived in," I said. "They are lonely. They have no associations. Hillcrest especially."

Yes, they said, but how did I know?

I told them that I had seen it in *Film Fanfare*, to save embarrassment.

It was true, they said. I was right. They were never home, unless they were there on show, for the publicity. Paula sighed very deeply and said "All our real life is *here*."

I said that was what I meant. Their home was the place they'd worked in. Here on the rug they'd had words, and here on this couch exchanged blows. In this place they had fought, I said, but they'd been alive, I told them. Hillcrest was nothing more, I said, than a house of the dead.

I said I had been distressed at first to hear them quarrelling; but gradually I had seen how their hate was akin to love. We all of us choose our own ways of expression, I told them. "And the place where that happens," I said, "no matter how—is home."

"But tomorrow all this will be gone—smashed up!" Paula murmured.

"Like our lives," Derek echoed.

I said: "But need it be?"

They saw what I meant. They said, no. They said, How could they ever repay me?

I blushed a little and said that the debt was all on my side.

The set of Gaylord's house has already been transferred to Hillcrest. I went out to see it myself and so, of course, I know. When they open the door, those two, I am confident they will feel it—a place lived in and loved and hated in: which is the same.

So you see what I mean about my talk to the G.F.S., don't you? I couldn't give them away. I must stick to general terms.

And now I must really stop to catch the half past six post, dear,

Your affectionate,
Emma.

P.S. How silly of me, I forgot to tell you. The cable came this morning. I have the Academy Award for the year's best dialogue to *The Big Brawl*.

TWO MORE FOR SWITZERLAND!

"BULLETS" WINNERS 1,626

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: W. Longbottom, 12 Anchor Terrace, Hunslet, Leeds, 10:

IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY HANGINGS ABOLISHED, BUT BOMBING—

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: G. E. Peacock, Northolme, Wainfleet: COBWEBS—"DRIVE IN COUNTRY" BANISHING.

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: E. Bamforth, 73 Skellingthorpe Road, Lincoln: VOICE OF SANITY—MAY IT COMMAND *Science!*

EIGHT PRIZES of £5 plus Seaside Holiday: G. Beaumont, Broomfield, Longwood, Huddersfield: UNO'S TOMB—"UNTURNED STONES" MAY FORM. H. Evason, 14 Whitfield Street, Birkenhead: AT THE POST-OFFICE—"LOOK LIVELY!" *Petrified* POSTMISTRESS. G. E. Furniss, Liversidge Sidings, Station Road, Selby: SWEPT ASIDE—"PROBABLE STARTERS"—*Boss* "ARRIVED." F. Jenkins, 73 St. Michael's Avenue, Wembley: TOO MUCH MONEY—DODGING THE *Ledger* COLUMN. T. Lailey, 25 Weston Drive, Stanmore: NEIGHBOUR STALIN—"COOKING" SOMETHING THAT "SMELLS." Mrs. L. Pickard, 1 Gilstead, Bingley: COBWEBS—SENT FLYING—WENT WALKING. A. Taber, 13 Caletock Street, East Greenwich, S.E.10: WORN TO A SHADOW—"CARPET." AT LABOUR HEADQUARTERS! L. D. J. Woods, 3 School Road, Hale, Cheshire: UNO'S WOBBLING — AND SQUABBLING — RUSSIA'S GOBBLING.

Holidays arranged by Cook's—20 Prizes of £2 and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

Cash and Swiss Trip

heading Prizes value over

£250 1st Prize plus SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

£600

£25, £10, 8 of £5

10 CASH PRIZES ABOVE EACH PLUS SEASIDE HOLIDAY for TWO

20 of £2, 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes

(All Holidays arranged by Cook's Travel Service)

BONUSES for £2 WINNERS

Any £2 prize you win will be accompanied by a Fountain-pen if the successful entry was one of eight or more efforts entered by you.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

Beautiful Britain
Flower Of Freedom
Deeds, Not Words
Gambler Stalin
Hanging's Abolished, So
Given A Holiday

Children Lost
King For A Day Man At Work
Had Enough On My Income
For The Doctor Must Be Fun

Bloodless Victory
Took Everybody In
With An Eagle Eye
Altogether Different
In Sonny's Kit-bag
She Gave A Sigh And

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Gets All The... | Well And Truly...
..... Policy | Somewhere To...
Everything ..... When
Wouldn't Dream Of.....

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated June 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD £100 and SEASIDE HOLIDAYS this week—value up to £225

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Extra Sets of Answers on plain paper, same rate of Entry-fee. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 5.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature upon coupon constitutes agreement to Rules.

£100 First Prize
Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up

★ **SEASIDE HOLIDAY for TWO with each cheque for £25 or over**

£100 AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY WON—XWORD 578

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 3, Cloth. 5, Rogue. 6, Jest. 8, Wares. 10, Pin. 11, Pent or Pest. 13, Right. 14, Mint. DOWN: 1, Lore. 2, Bust. 4, Houses. 7, Swag. 8, Waiter or Writer. 9, Den. 12, Bet.

WINNER of £100 and Seaside Holiday for Two: Miss D. H. Chilvers, 6 Meadowbrook Close, City Road, Norwich.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 22 entrants.

CLUES FOR XWORD 582

Across

1. Anyone can understand big increase in price making one
3. The study of these throws light on man's development through the ages
9. For centuries man has dreamt of making more use of these
10. Is a means of support
11. May get worse if overworked mother can't give it the attention required
12. With a poor batting team in, fielders are probably in this

Down

1. You may get this like slate
2. Bad conditions may be cause of these being abandoned
3. A doctor's visit occasionally leaves a patient this
4. There's little doubt these are thought of by many people as something shady
5. Wife whose man isn't this is seriously handicapped
6. Escape may refer to
7. There are times when intelligent man asks this
8. May well be given a ring to mark important event
9. There's something funny about one

POST ENTRY, ADDRESSED

"BULLETS" 1,630 (or XWORD 582) "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated June 5 containing **Grand Holiday Cash Offer**

443

NAME .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

Extra efforts may be entered on plain paper—see Bonus Offer.

Closing Postmark,

1,630 MON., MAY 24

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

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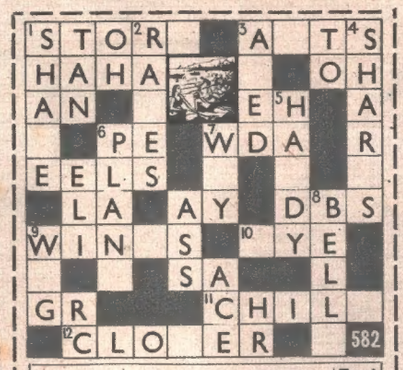

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value.....

No..... Closing Postmark. MON., MAY 24

Signed..... **582**

Address.....

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THE SWITCH FAMILY ROBINSON

Father minds his own business

THREE LIGHTS LEFT ON UPSTAIRS! DO YOU THINK I OWN THE POWER STATION?
WELL, YOU DO OWN A LITTLE PART OF IT, DEAR, DON'T YOU? IT'S BRITISH ELECTRICITY NOW ... REMEMBER.
ALL RIGHT, THEN, — I DO OWN A PART OF IT AND SO DO YOU AND THE SENSIBLE THING IS TO TAKE CARE OF IT. USE ELECTRICITY—DON'T ABUSE IT!
ARE YOU BEING PATRIOTIC, DAD, OR JUST KEEN ON CUTTING THE LIGHT BILLS DOWN?
BOTH, PHIL! THE LESS WE USE THE MORE THERE'LL BE FOR THE FACTORIES AND THE QUICKER THE COUNTRY'S RECOVERY.

ELECTRICITY FACT

Do you realise that Britain now owns the largest electricity undertaking in the world — the British Electricity Authority? Yet today we *still* have not enough plant to supply all the electricity we need! But great plans for more and more electricity are well in hand.
(*British Electricity Authority.*)

So Baby *Chooses*

It's not what baby *says*, but what baby *is*, that tells mother which is the right milk. When the signs say "I'm contented and happy . . . my teeth are coming as they should . . . my legs are straight and firm,"—then mother knows that all is well; and, in all probability, the milk baby has chosen is *Ostermilk*.

Steady progress tells you

OSTERMILK

is right

OSTERMILK is made by Glaxo Laboratories Ltd., who, from the very beginning, have led the research towards a "best-possible" bottle food for babies.

★ *Send 3d. for the Ostermilk Baby Book: Dept. 110, Glaxo Laboratories Ltd., Greenford, Middlesex.* GL11

"Now, it's all right, Mummy, don't worry. Teacher bathed it and put some *Dettol Ointment on: she said it's wonderful stuff, and she was a nurse in the war, you know."

*'DETTOL' OINTMENT *is strongly recommended for the prevention and treatment of septic conditions of the skin which require a soothing, antiseptic cream to promote healing.*

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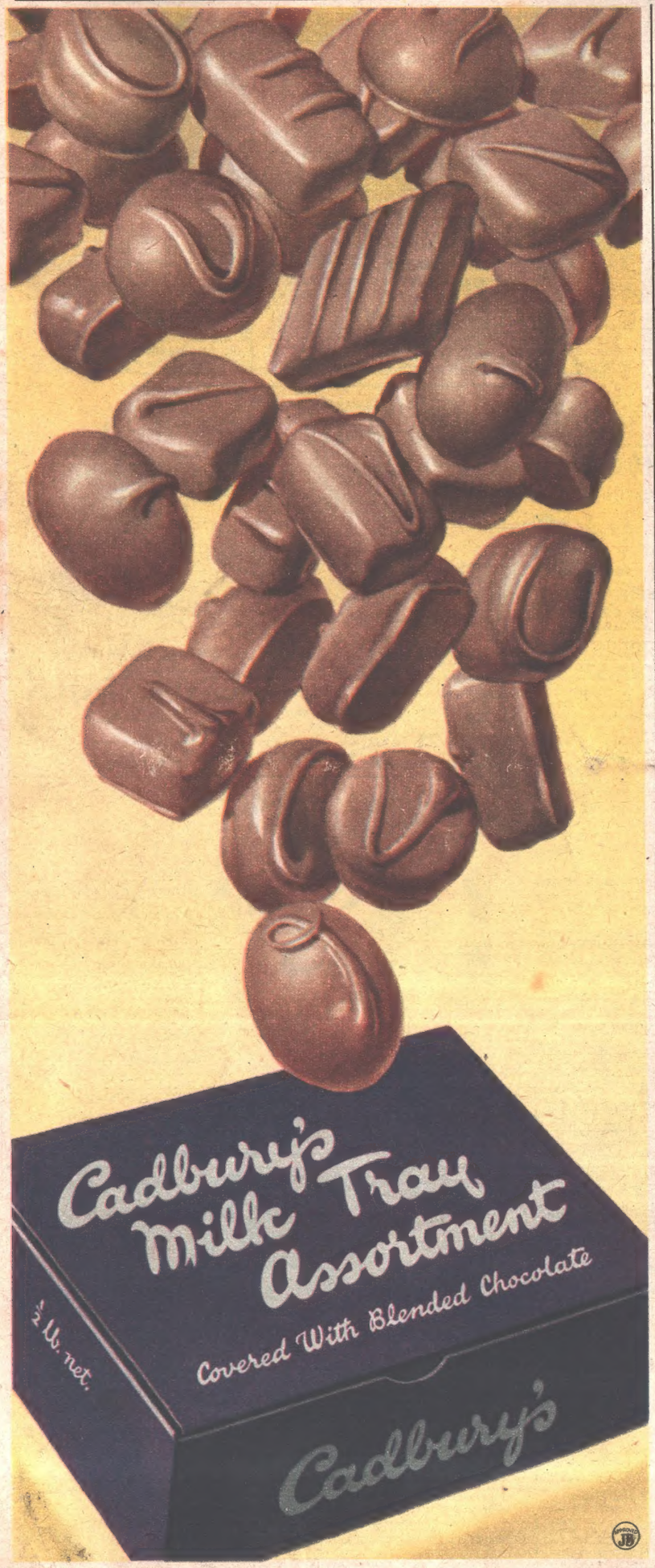
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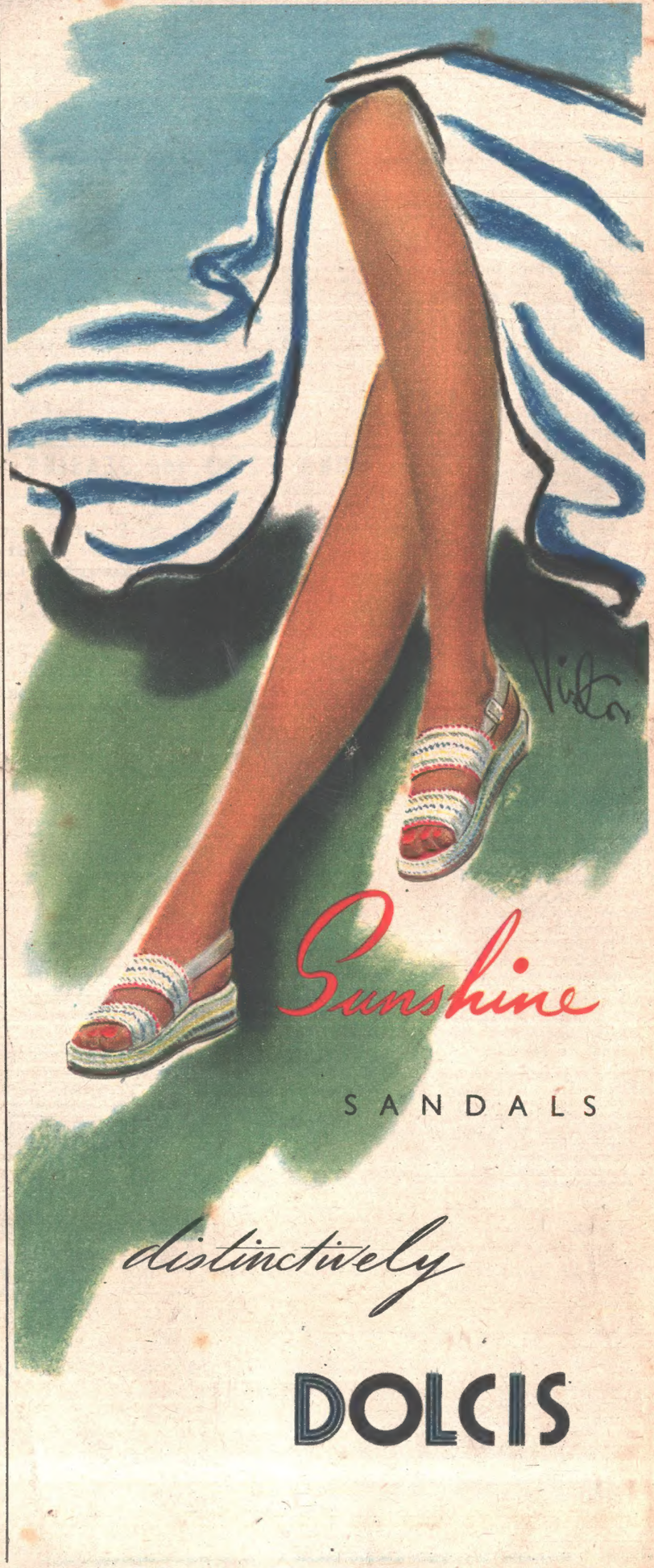
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